



JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE
OVER A MILLION
CERTIFIED SALE

A New Toffee Sensation for the New Year!



*"Palm" Fireside Assortment—
delightfully different—
and the finest value
ever offered.*

Toffee lovers, start the new year with a "wow"! Now! To-day! . . . buy "Palm" Fireside Assortment. You'll love it. It's so delightfully—deliciously different. What tempting tit-bits! Each one charmingly wrapped to lure dainty fingers and sparkle the eyes.

Then, the flavours! The very latest and exclusive "Palm" flavours. Some that linger lovingly on the tongue; others that crumble exquisitely between the teeth, revealing crisp crunchy nuts in their creamy depths.

So sustaining and nourishing too! For "Palm" Fireside Assortment is the product of pure cane sugar and creamy milk among other excellent things.

And its made in the new model "Palm" works—ideally hygienic—clean as a new pin—swept by the fragrant air of the countryside. So get "Palm" Fireside Assortment to-day. You couldn't buy better at double the price.

Walters' "Palm" FIRESIDE ASSORTMENT

"Worth Double the Price!"

One Quality only—the Very Best



Ask your Confectioner!

WALTERS' "PALM" TOFFEE LTD., "PALM" WORKS, LONDON, W.3.



**OFFER
CLOSES JAN. 15**
Hurry up!

It's now or never! If you wish to be in "Time" to accept this "last call", your application must reach us not later than first post, January, 1961.

F R E E !

- [1] A 4-Colour "Ever-point-d" Pencil.**
Mechanically perfect, superbly finished, writes in blue, black, green or red, OR, a dainty Lady's one-colour Pencil in soft pastel shades.
- [2] 1/- Gift Voucher.**
Accepted as One Shilling cash in part payment of the famous 5/- "John Bull" Pen, fitted with solid 14-carat gold nib, iridium tipped. Guaranteed for two years.
- [3] 7/6 "Gillette" Presentation Razor Set.**
"Mayfair" de luxe, containing a gold-plated "Gillette" Razor in magnificent case of antique finish, handsomely decorated and sumptuously lined in velvet.
Cut out Free Shilling Voucher above now and attach to Coupon below. Hurry up!

Written two years' guarantee with each "John Bull" Pen.

Golden Gift Set
containing the famous 5/-
"John Bull" Pen and Four-
Colour Pencil (or lady's
pencil if you prefer) in
dazzling golden box.

"JOHN BULL" GIFT COUPON.

To: "JOHN BULL," Pcn Dept. Room H, 77, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please send me your Gift Package consisting of the famous \$/- "John Bull" Pen, the FREE Four-Colour "Ever-Pointed" Pencil OR the Lady's Pencil (cross out the pencil not desired), and the FREE 1/6 "Gillette" Presentation Razor Set. I enclose Gift Voucher, which please accept as One Shilling in part payment of the Pen, and also Postal Order for 4/- plus 1/- to cover pocket clip, extra box of refills for "Ever-pointed" Pencil, postage, packing and insurance—making \$/- in all.

NAME

ADDRESS

Fine, medium or broad nib. (Cross out grades not required.)
 Your name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Write in capitals name or
 initials desired
 Cross cheque/p.o. /& Co. and make payable to "John Bull."

I.B. 12/1/29.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

**FIRE
STORM
FLOOD
SICKNESS
ACCIDENT**

**286
More
Cheques
paid this week**

Owing to lack of space we can give the names of a few only of the 286 registered readers who have fit this week.

FIRE—up to £400.

SILBY, YORK—Mr. H. L. RAINY, 1.
Ebor st. **PARNELL, LY.**—Mr. G. C. GARNLEY, 70.
George St., **LIVE VANDER.** **ST. AUSTIN LL.**—Mr.
E. J. CLARKE, 60, East Hill. **BECKETT FR.**—
Mr. E. FOSTER, 32, Walsgrave Rd. **WILLIS**
OWEN—Mr. A. Hill, Blackbury L no.
PEMBROKE ROCK—Mr. J. R. THOMAS, 76,
Mayrick St. **LIVESTOCK**—Mr. H. HALL,
2, Albany Terrace, Albany Rd. **CARPIFF**
GLAM.—Mr. C. M. PILL, 4, P-ace Ave., Llanidfa.
MACHYNE TYDE—Mr. L. PEAR, 78, Church
Victory St., **WILKINSON**—Mr. J. C. THOMAS, 6,
St. W. **BIRMINGHAM**—Mr. H. CARLOW,
Back of 101, L. Wywood Rd. **L. Wywood, DERRY.**
Mrs. F. JOHNSON, 60, Bedford St., **CORRY, BATH.**
DONCASTER—Mr. J. MCNEELY, 22, Lancaster
Ave., Kirk Sandall. **W. LIVERHAMPION**—Mrs.
Mrs. S. M. BENT, 4, Alexandra St. **MERTHYR**
TIDY—Mr. J. JAC. POWELL, 3, Church St.
NEAT—CLARK, 10, T. Street, 12, Roman Rd.
Cowburn—**JOHN BOWLING, N.12**—Mrs. A.
149, Drake Rd.

SICKNESS—£5 5s.

HELPER, DERBY.—Mr. H. PARKIN, The Green, Hengo. **BOLSOVER.**—Mr. M. MEADER, 11, Seaside St., Cart Vale. **BLOOVER.**—Mr. A. CHAPMAN, 11, Portland Ave., Moorfield Lane. **PETERBOROUGH.**—Mrs. M. GOODWIN, 23, Wood St. **TREDEGAR.**—Mr. D. MASON, 1, Hill Crest, Whitby. **ADI LERTONE, SURREY.**—Mrs. W. FRANKS, 13, New Haw Rd. **BOURNE END, HUCKS.**—Mrs. J. W. STROUD, 2, Camden Place. **THIVERTON.**—Mr. F. A. GALPIN, 60, St. Andrew St. **HIGHWILLOD.**—Mr. R. G. BARNES, 53, Highwilloid. **WHARFORD-SUPER-MARE.**—Mr. F. CROOKS, 19, Wharfedale. **FALKEIRK.**—Mr. A. MOORE, 36, Market St. **CORHAM RD. DORCHESTER.**—Mrs. F. CARTER, 3, The Grove. **TEDDINGTON.**—Mrs. D. MAIDMENT, 23, Fulwell Rd. **SLOUGH.**—Mrs. K. EMBROS, 34, Timberlows. **MERTHYR TYDFIL.**—Mrs. G. EVANS, 43, Picton St. **TOWN-HILL SWANSEA.**—Mrs. E. JONES, 44, Talleyrhy Rd. **TRAFALGAR.**—Mr. D. PUGHAM, 128, Queen St.

ACCIDENTS—£3 per week.

STORM!—up to £300.

MURKIN & TYWYL.—Mrs. E. BROWN, 7, L-
way St. BARNLEY.—Mr. E. WHEAT, 84, Park
Way, Keighley. KILMONEY.—Mrs. J. PURMAN,
5, Hill St. PENRHYWYLL.—Mrs. C. HARRIS,
125, L. Penrhywylld Rd. GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE.
—Mrs. M. J. SMITH, 133, Marian St. FORT
GLASGOW.—Mrs. A. MCNULTY, 64, Bay St.
LEADFORD.—Mrs. A. L. PARKER, 73, Hastings
Ave. PENRHILWYLLING.—Mrs. C. A. GRIMMOND,
135, Penrhilwylling Rd. PRESTON. LEONARDA-
DALE.—Mrs. J. DUFFELL, 10, NORTH-
BRIDGE.—Mrs. A. DUFFELL, 34, Seely Street.
CARDIFF.—Mr. J. BARRY, 10, Augusta St., Adams
town. BALLYMONEY.—Mrs. H. CLAWFORD, 3,
Soldiers Cott., Upper Newhill. ABBEYTSWEG.
—Mrs. D. J. POWELL, 3, Arthur St. DUMFRIES.
—Mr. T. McKINK, Drumcraig St. Moniaive
BOSS.—Mrs. J. LAUREL, 13A, Brechen Place.
BARN. Nt. BRIDGES.—Mrs. H. HART, 10, High
St. Burn. HILL STRADEBROKE. Nt. DISS.
—Mr. A. A. FRANCE, Church St.

SWANNEA.—Mrs. E. A. HALE, 78, Ypsco St., S.
Thomas, WHEATGATE, ROTHERHAM.—Mrs. J.
BRUNTON, 7, Rothesy St., PABSONS, GRIKES
WILLIAMS, 4, Hill St., BARNLEY.
DORIS WEAVERMOOTH, SUNDERLAND.—Mrs. M.
ALLEN, 2, Byron St., CAMBORNE.—Mrs. M.
WEAHL, 10, Chapel St., SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. F.
WOLFEHURST, 23, Farmgate St., BIRMING-
HAM.—Mrs. R. A. & A. TAYLOR, 42, Northbrook St.,
Winning Green.
SWANSEA.—Mrs. V. EVANS,
Fitzroy Rd., Carmarthen. CARLINGTON, NOT-
TINGHAM.—Mrs. J. K. & J. C. BAKER, Fernwood,
EDINBURGH.—Mrs. J. KING, 3, Potter Row,
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. J. A. SLACK, 15, Wenham St.,
Edge Lane. BAKESBURY, N.I.—Mrs. A.
DEWITT, 11, Green Grove. KING'S LYNN.—Mrs.
G. MATTHEWS, 43, Gosnawk Terr. L'ERKEPOOL.
Mrs. C. FARRELL, 1, Lampost St., Tuxford Park.
LEWISON, C. BARRETT, 1, Millard St.,
COWLEY, MIDD.—Mrs. J. WINCHESTER,
Elms Farm. SCOTWOOD, NEWCASTLE-ON-
TYNE.—Mr. J. T. DENTON, 14A, Munition Cott.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newagent).....

Address

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature

Address

Date

ATTN: MR. [REDACTED]

To "John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.2.
I have sent an order form to my newspaper for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL.
Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....
in full..... (CAPITAL LETTERS) 15.....

Address

.....
 Reader's Signature

Name and address of Newsagent:

.....

Use **Id. stamp**. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and continuing maintenance will be sent if **Id. stamped** envelope is enclosed (for return).

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY.
Selling Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Over-
men's socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Barter.
Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Whole-
Firm. Write now for Catalogue and Guide.
Harrane's Warehouse, 2, Thomas St., Manchester.

ADD TO YOUR INCOME
Selling Drapery and Remnants, best quali-
ty, cheapest prices (no rubbish). List free.—
J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for
Selling, 1 story, books, etc. Write for free cat.
J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

DRAPERY remnants for money-making.
Selling, 1 story, books, etc. Write for free cat.
J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

FREE LIST to Dealers and Beginners for
Selling, 1 story, books, etc. Write for free cat.
J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

WHOLESALE Drapery. Remnants and Art
Selling, 1 story, books, etc. Write for free cat.
J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a bed-clothing
Selling, 1 story, books, etc. Write for free cat.
J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

EARN £3 Weekly, plus Bonus. Run Bed-
Selling, 1 story, books, etc. Write for free cat.
J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare
Selling, 1 story, books, etc. Write for free cat.
J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

10/- FREE. FINE CHANCE FOR AGENTS.
Selling, 1 story, books, etc. Write for free cat.
J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

EMPLOYMENT.

ARE YOU TIRED OF ROUTINE WORK AT
Selling, 1 story, books, etc. Write for free cat.
J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

DRIVERS—Special training for Pri-
Selling, 1 story, books, etc. Write for free cat.
J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

WITNESS wanted to work GOLDEN FLEECE
Selling, 1 story, books, etc. Write for free cat.
J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

WITNESS wanted to work IMPERIA Knit-
Selling, 1 story, books, etc. Write for free cat.
J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

150-£300 SALARY for Certificated Book-
Selling, 1 story, books, etc. Write for free cat.
J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

WANTED for Canadian Farms, 50 Boys, 14 to
Selling, 1 story, books, etc. Write for free cat.
J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

EXPERIENCED Collector and Canvaser
Selling, 1 story, books, etc. Write for free cat.
J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

POLICE ENTRANCE EXAMINATION.—Ex-
Selling, 1 story, books, etc. Write for free cat.
J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

BUY LADIES' SILK STOCKINGS to sell
Selling, 1 story, books, etc. Write for free cat.
J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

TURN YOUR SPARE TIME INTO CASH.
Selling, 1 story, books, etc. Write for free cat.
J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1
Selling, 1 story, books, etc. Write for free cat.
J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

BARGAIN SHOPPING AT HOME! Better
Selling, 1 story, books, etc. Write for free cat.
J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 27s.

Advertisements must be received not later than Thursday for the following Wednesday's issue.

Address: The Advertisement Manager "John Bull," 57-59, Long
Acre, London, W.C.2.

PRINTING.—10,000 Billheads or Handbills
for 50/-. All classes of printing. Samples free.
MOREY & PEARCE (B), HALIFAX.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS direct from 24d. per roll.
Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wall-
paper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES 5/6 for 14lb.
for Gifts, etc. Grey Yarn 3/3 lb. Navy 3/10 lb.
post free. Patts. of 50 yds. tweeds, etc.—Egerton
Burnetts, W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPERS from mill from 24d. roll.
New Designs. Patterns post free.—Osborne
Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

CHINA from Works. Home Outfits, 32/6.
Badged Ware, etc. Keenest prices. Clubs, Sales,
Schools, Bazaars, Merchants. Cat. free. Satis-
factions, Liverpool Pottery, 34, Burslem, Staffs.

TEA.—Direct from Blenders to Household. At
wholesale prices, 1/6, 1/8, 2/- per lb., carr. pd. on
4 lb. Special quotations for large quantities. Satis-
faction guaranteed.—Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway,
West Ham.

DRESS.

BABY'S SUPERIOR 85-piece Layette, 29/6.
Best materials. Unequalled Bargain. Mat. Coats,
Shawls, Robes, Gowns, Nighties, Vests, Flan-
nels, Banners, Towels, Napkins. Purchase from a
Mother, 14 years' experience. Send 2/- for p.c.i.:
approx. Cash or Terms.—Mrs. J. Howard, 68,
Dover Road, Portsmouth.

BABY'S 72-PIECE LAYETTE, 25/-. Con-
tains everything offered in more expensive out-
fits. Most marvellous guaranteed Bargain.
Send 2/- for parcel and prove value. Approx.
Terms if desired.—Mrs. B. Barker, 31a,
Brougham Road, Southsea.

The
brightest
spot
of all bright
parties

Everyone's a great child
at heart. That's why
parties are so popular.
We all love to get on a
paper hat and big nose
and laugh till our sides
ache. And that is where
genial, glowing Stone's
Ginger Wine comes in.
It keeps the fun up to
pitch. For nearly two
centuries Stone's Ginger
Wine has been the life
of all bright parties.



Famous
since
1740
From all Wine
Merchants
and Grocers

STONE'S
GINGER WINE

WOOLS.—Enormous sale reductions. Knit-
ting, Hand, Machine, 12 oz., Bug 10/1d., 1/-,
1/6 lb. Bug Guide, 600 Samples, Free.—Borden
Wools, 160, New Bridge, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

MONEY FOR YOU! Send a postcard for
H. Samuel's New Free Book of 3,000 Bargains in
Jewellery, Watches, Plate, and see how the next-
to-factory prices pay money in your pocket.
Nickel-plated Pocket Watch, 3s. 9d. Solid Gold Brace-
let Watch from 35s.; 1 dozen Stainless Dessert
Knives, 7s. 11d.; 18-ct. Diamond Ring, 35s.,
worth £3. Order early to secure the bargains,
or send address, and the Book packed with record
bargains is yours by return. Any article sent
C.O.D.—Write now to H. Samuel, Ltd. (Dept.
199), 119-121, Market Street, Manchester.

BOOTS.—Buy Factory Direct. Enormous
saving. Keenest prices. Stamp for Lists (J.B.).
AGENTS WANTED.—British Boot Co., Bristol.

THE JUNO GRAMOPHONE CO.'S advt. ap-
pears on page 34, and a nice Catalogue describ-
ing their models, which can be obtained on easy
terms, is offered free.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct, save middlemen's profit.
India and Ceylon Specialty blended, 4 lb. 6/6,
10 lb. 15/-. Carr. paid. TEA DUST, 7 lb. 7/-,
10 lb. 9/6. Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LAYETTE, 30/-. 85
home-made pieces. Contains everything from
Chris. Robe to Napkins. A purchaser writes:—
"Your Layettes are too cheap at 30/-; they are
worth £3." Similar letters received daily. Post
2/- now for this incomparable bargain on approx-
imate. (Cash or Invaluable)—Mrs. D. Munton,
97, Lake Road, Portsmouth.

REAL HARRIS TWEED, handmade, 6/- yard.
Patterns free.—Mrs. C. Morrison (Dept. J.B.),
Leverburgh, Harris, N.B.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors, 9/-; acces-
sories. Violins, Accordions, cheapest, 64-page
List, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull,
120, Old St. St., London, E.C.1.

VIOLINS, Drummers' Outfits, Saxophones,
Trumpets, Trombones, Gramophones, etc., from
5/- deposit, 2/6 weekly. Lists free.—Palmer,
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GRAMOPHONES.—Build own £40 model for
40/-. Instructions 3d. Lists of Gramophones
and Parts free.—J. B. G., 386, York Road,
London, S.W.18.

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SPECIAL OFFER.—Talking Parrots with
Cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. A
months' trial.—List fr. Chappmans, 17, Totten-
ham Court Road, London.

BIRTHDAY NUMBER OF "CAGE BIRDS"
(6d.) next Friday. A delight for all who keep
Canaries and pet birds. Lovely coloured plates,
calendar and cover. Art stamp, 7d. from
J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

EASY AND PROFITABLE ways of breeding
poultry. Birds worth pounds in "THE POUL-
TRY WORLD," 2d. at newsagents, 5d. from
J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1929 Catalogue and Gardening
Guide, 160 pages, 240 illustrations, free to all
readers if this paper is mentioned.—DOBBIE &
CO., LTD., The King's Seed men, EDINBURGH.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

SWEDISH MASSAGE.—Get a certificate as a
trained masseur. We offer you free extracts
from our lessons, which will show you the easy
and novel methods by which we can train you
by post. Low fees by instalments. Write at
once.—Principal, 47, Stua Institute, Clarendon
Road, Portsmouth.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tab-
lets are a specialist's positive and permanent
cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly
destroying the very cause of the worm's exist-
ence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference
with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply
or 14d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Bidayard
Tablet Co., 34-38, Colindale, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture
Appliance. New & every. Wonderful! No injury
to no springs, durable, cheap. Bands and
draw parts together quickly. Send on Trial, C.A.
Lodge, free. Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd.,
146BD, 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER WEAKNESS and kidney trouble
mastered at last. Thousands cured by PARKER'S
FLUID REMEDY, 3/- at Boots', Taylor's, etc., or
post free from Parker's Remedy, Ltd., 49,
Renshaw Street, Liverpool, Sample 4d.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy
proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley
Institute (J.B.), 31, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

A FREE SAMPLE of "Hervea" for Rheu-
matism is offered by Mr. Lee in his advt. on
page 23.

A FREE SAMPLE of Dr. Kilmor's Swamp
Root and Health Guide is offered in the advt.
on page 22.

READERS WHO SUFFER from troublesome
legs will find the "Elasto" advt. on page 24
of interest. A free sample is offered.

A FREE COPY of the "Yacht" book of home
treatment is offered in the advt. appearing on
page 31.

SUFFERERS FROM CATARRH will be in-
terested in the Elmer Shirley advt. appearing on
the back cover. Be sure to read it carefully.
Ten days' free trial is offered.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds,
Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Dental
Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc.
Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return.
—Bentley & Co., 333, Oxford Street, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds,
old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest
cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

FOR MOTORISTS.

GOOD used Tyres from £1 each, C.O.D., approx.
New Tyres for wkly. payments. Inquire, stating
size, London Car Co., 52, Theobalds Rd., W.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SHOULD WE TALK ABOUT SEX?—Read J.
Bowen Partington's striking article in
"HEALTH & STRENGTH," 3d. now at news-
agents, 4d. from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street,
E.C.1.

BUY the January "BLUE MAGAZINE" and
know why it's sealed. 16 amazing stories.
Lady Kitty Vincent, J. Murray Allison and
Gertie Westworth James. 1/- at bookstalls,
1/2 from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

A PRESENTATION pack of "Royal" Play-
ing Cards in exchange for empty packets of
"Royal" Blades. See page 28.

GIVE YOUR BARBER THE SACK!—Why
not trim your own hair? The new comb for
ladies and gents advertised by J. B. Burt, 4,
page 31 will save you pounds and make you
independent of hairdressers. Every barber,
too, receives a useful free gift. Read the offer
now!

WEST END TAILORS' SPECIAL.—Over-
coats to John Bull readers. The tailor-made
overcoat advertised by Messrs. Wallingford's on
page 31 can be secured for 6/- down. Every
purchaser is guaranteed satisfaction. Do not
forget to mention John Bull when sending your
order. The offer will not appear again, so
write today.

A WONDERFUL OFFER of Field Boots, solid
and heeled with genuine "Ukide," without
equal for wear. More waterproof than leather.
Non-slipping all Great savings to all outdoor
workers. Black or tan (as supplied to County
Police force), 18/6 per pair, all sizes. Sent on
approval against cash.—C. Hutchings, Ukide
Warehouse, W'minster, Queenborough, Kent.

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by Mail

and let John Bull's Mail Order Experts
help you to make it a success. Prob-
lems relating to every phase of mail
order selling are answered without
obligation. There is no charge; no
question is too much trouble. Write
on business letterhead, give brief
summary of your proposition, or state
class of trade and lines available, to:
Ideas & Sales Development Dept.
(Room 11), John Bull, 57-59, Long
Acre, London, W.C.2.



"I've always been partial to 'Black Cats' and now I like them more than ever. Since Harry started smoking 'Black Cat' cigarettes a year ago I've had several lovely presents that he got, free, for coupons from the packets. These stockings I'm wearing are the latest—I think they're perfectly adorable; I really believe I like them nearly as much as Harry likes his 'Black Cat' cigarettes—and I can't say more than that."

Black Cat

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 FOR 6^D

(Dept. 8) Gifts Dept., CARRERAS LTD., Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1
Please send me Free Stockings and Five Free Coupons.

Name _____

Address _____

Only one of these signed coupons accepted.

'I love
Black Cats
-don't you?

*especially
when
they
bring
me
these
lovely*

"Three Queens"
NON-LADDER
STOCKINGS
free
FOR 125
COUPONS.

Made in the following shades: Flesh, Mirage, Peach, Du Barry, Indian Rose, Carmen, Plume, Paris Nude, Dust, Desert, Caramel, Nude, Paris Faun, Arab, Sultan, Tawny, Omar, Sable, Pigeon Breast, Florence Mills, Vanity, Musquash, Grey, Rosita, Blue Fox, Claude, Shadow, Shoe Grey, Rifle, Blue Gunmetal, Light Gunmetal. Also Black and White.

Latest Point Heel

BLACK CAT MIXTURE TOBACCO 1/- per oz. Coupons in every packet.
Of the same unsurpassed value as the famous Black Cat Cigarettes.



93, LONG ACRES, LONDON, W.C.2
 Telephone: GERARD 9870.
 Telegrams: HEROICALLY, LONDON.

Week ending Saturday,
 Jan. 12, 1929. Twopenny.
 Vol. XLV. No. 1178.
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 Newspaper. Postage all over
 the world, 1d.

JOHN



BULL

*For the People—the
 Right to Justice and Truth.*

*The Paper on which
 the Sun Never Sets.*

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

Watch.

Readers of JOHN BULL are used to it being a paper of surprises. There's always something to look forward to. But there has never been anything like the surprise that will be announced in an early issue! Watch for a sensational announcement very soon!

L. G. an Invalid.

Mr. Lloyd George has been far more seriously ill than is generally known. There is no chance of his being present at the opening of Parliament on the 22nd, nor is he likely to take part in the opening week of the Session. He will probably be on the shores of the Mediterranean.

Medical Plums.

How many of the King's doctors will find their names in the forthcoming Honours List? The younger of them may not reap such rewards for their valuable services; but they have already one stroke made reputations which will establish them for life as super-tax payers. And they deserve it!

Winston on the Warpath.

Look out for Winston during the General Election fight. He has been lying low of late; his health has not been too good and he is no longer the young man most people still take him to be. But when there is political skirmishing to be done, he is the man. Adversity, or the prospect of it, is Winston's best tonic.

Bluff?

A "Ginger group" inside the Conservative Party is attempting to persuade its colleagues to reject the "dole" and adopt a policy of State-aided public works on an enormous scale as an Election bait. The scheme, it is argued, would vastly lessen unemployment. But has it any intention of putting it into effect? It has had four years to experiment.

Curious.

Months ago Victor Perosino, proprietor of the "Chez Victor" restaurant was deported as an undesirable alien. Now Perosino has opened a "Chez Victor" in Paris, and among the patrons of this "undesirable alien" on the first night of the opening of his restaurant was Sir William Tyrrell, the British Ambassador. The fact is that Perosino wasn't a bit undesirable. Many aliens still here undoubtedly are.

B.B.C. Grocers' Shops?

The fight between the B.B.C., as publishers of newspapers, and private enterprise concerned with the same object is going to be a serious one. The B.B.C. is using the Government subsidy to certain advantage. What is to prevent the B.B.C. advertising its own wares over the wireless? Nothing. And, as it is setting up as book-sellers, why not B.B.C. grocers' shops and butchers' and bakers' and candlestick-makers', all run by the B.B.C.?

A Suggestion.

This is the season of hunt-balls. It is said that they are good for trade. They may be. They certainly seem to be good for the smiling and prosperous people who attend them and whose photographs are so widely displayed. But we have not heard that at any of these functions a collection has been made for the starving miners.

Meanness to Miners.

The miners and their families are in sore need, but they are not in need of rubbish. A large parcel sent to one of the distributing centres contained only dozens of frayed collars and ties and some broken photograph-frames.

Let All Compete.

The First Commissioner of Works announces the terms of a "limited competition" among British sculptors for the Haig statue in Whitehall. Only those who are invited will be allowed to compete. Why? Service in the armies Haig led was not limited to those who were invited.

Rye Words.

There is no excuse for Mr. Vidler, the Mayor of Rye, withholding the money from families of the brave folk who perished in the Rye lifeboat disaster. Even if he had every reason to think they would spend it swiftly and unwisely—and he has no such reason—the money is theirs, was subscribed for them, and should be handed to them without delay or deductions.

Future Victims.

Mr. Vidler is not only injuring the people he is supposed to be protecting, he is injuring all potential victims of tragedies of this type. The public subscribed generously and promptly to the Rye fund. Now that they realise that it is possible for their contributions to be so sadly mishandled, they are likely to pause a bit before they come to the rescue another time.

Thank You!

The Egyptian Government has placed an order for the manufacture and installation of telephone trunk lines between Alexandria and Cairo with a British firm. Good! The contract amounts to close on £200,000. But this was not the lowest tender. Lower offers came from America, Germany and France. We have reason to be the more grateful to the Egyptian Government—and to wonder why it is that foreign firms manage almost always to undersell our own.



Kriket.

The leading Berlin newspapers reported in full the Test Match scores. This is an unprecedented happening. And there is food for thought in it.

Fruits of Defeat.

Germany is indignant because the Agent-General of Reparations has exposed her present prosperity. We envy her. Unfortunately, there cannot be two losers. Having won the war, we must just tighten our belts and make the best of it.

A Safe Bet.

The Chairman of the Board of Customs and Excise admits that out of £200,000,000 worth of bets made in 1928 tax was only collected on £95,000,000. It's 1,000,000 to 1 that the betting duty is a failure. This is another of the Chancellor's clever ideas exposed at its true value—nothing.

Unseasonable.

What mischievous spirit induced the income-tax authorities to send out demand notes on New Year's Day? As the most highly taxed nation in the world we are surely entitled to some little consideration in these matters. The morning must have indeed seemed a black one in Aberdeen.

Vanished Craft.

British adventure and enterprise created the whaling industry, and it is a sorry sign of the times that a new £330,000 whaling company formed in this country has appointed Norwegian experts to carry out the practical side of its business. Are there no harpooners left in Scotland? Have all the grand traditions of British whaling perished?

Strange Customs.

New York, the city of "speakeasies" where no one with the price of a drink in his pocket need go for ten minutes without one, has asserted herself at last. Landing from the *Olympic* was Mrs. William Lancaster, wife of Captain Lancaster, the British aviator who flew from London to Australia. She had with her her husband's compass, which he wished to use when flying in America. Like all such compasses, it contained a portion of pure alcohol. So the Customs officials promptly pounced on it.

The Noblest Romans of Them All.

American civilisation was on that very day also being upheld in the South. At Rome (Mississippi) a negro was lynched. He was roasted over a slow fire, and his agony lasted seven and a half hours. The cultured mob played ukuleles and jeered. When in this Rome, do not do as the Romans do.

Internationalism.

The War Office is experimenting with a German compressed-air braking system for tanks and transport vehicles at its mechanised force experimental depot, Farnborough. Militarism knows no frontiers.

JOHN BULL

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

Court Reform.

A sudden vital change has occurred in police-court procedure. In the past a man, separated from his wife, often found it hard to get the maintenance order made against him annulled, although his wife was living with another man.

Poor Man's Divorce.

Now, if he can demonstrate her misconduct to the satisfaction of a magistrate, a man can instantly relieve himself of the burden of supporting her. But when will a magistrate's order discharging a maintenance order be sufficient for a divorce judge to grant a decree without a poor litigant going to the expense of bringing his evidence afresh? Such a reform is long overdue.

Ten a Penny.

Do you want a political "big noise" to speak at your annual dinner or conference? If so you can have your pick out of the three Parties. With the General Election close at hand, politicians have grown most obliging. Nothing is too much trouble. They just love addressing societies and gatherings of any kind!

Boy Slave Market.

Some slave-driving employers in the South of England are taking a mean advantage of industrial conditions in the mining areas. One youth of nineteen was brought from Durham to Kent to work as a houseboy from 6.30 a.m. to 10 p.m. at a wage of 4s. a week, less insurance. The proprietor, we understand, was twenty years on a rice plantation somewhere East of Suez. That explains it.

Our Turn Now.

The "Come to Britain" movement is to the fore again. In the meantime, patriotic Britons are still doing their utmost to boost foreign countries. We turned Switzerland into a winter playground, we invented the Riviera, for France, the Lido for Italy, Madeira for Portugal, and Cairo for Egypt. If our pleasure pioneers will discover England for the Continent and the U.S.A., they will justify their existence.

Insult and Injury.

Scotland is in a ferment over the Derating Bill. If the Act passes, Scotland will no longer have a direct say in her educational affairs. The functions are to be merged in the County Councils and Burghs and the direct educational vote abolished. This insult is being deeply resented. Scottish Conservative members are getting anxious.

Human Capital.

We hear a good deal about the virtues of emigration. We have yet to hear of its huge annual economic loss to the country. The Dominions may be our best customers, but the trade we do with them provides only a fractional compensation for the capital loss we suffer through the loss of good citizens. Perhaps Mr. Amery will give us some statistics on this point. They would prove illuminating.

Worth Having.

Fritz gets a little more for his wireless licence money than John Smith. The Reichs-Rundfunk Gesellschaft, the German equivalent of our British Broadcasting Corporation, has completed arrangements to include free insurance to listeners against liability for accident caused by wireless apparatus and aeriels. A portion of the vast slice of licence money which the Post Office collects annually might well be employed in securing a similar concession for the British listener.

It All Depends.

Hardly a day passes without some glaring contrast in the punishment meted out for motoring offences. Sir Augustus Digby Warren, Bart., for being drunk in charge of a car was fined £25 at Kirby Moorside. For a similar offence at North London, Thomas Alfred Wallis, a van driver, was sent to prison for twenty-one days, and had his licence suspended for a year, which means that he loses his livelihood for that period. If Wallis reads of the baronet's case he will feel bitter.

Cotton-wool Wits.

If Lancashire shortly joins the number of our "distressed areas," the cotton industry will have only itself to blame. Cotton spinners are too stupid to combine and reorganise their industry to meet the growing menace of artificial silk. They prefer to squabble among themselves or with the banks.

Swat Them

We fear 1929 will be a stormy year in India. Anti-British agitators are hard at work on a new campaign of inciting ignorant peasants and half-baked students to riot, sabotage and even murder. A misguided leniency towards such gentry has made them believe that they can flout the British Government with impunity. Let's hope there is a nasty surprise in store for them.

Passing Poor.

Another example of the economic plight of Welsh pastors is in the confession of the Rev. John Evans, for thirty years minister of the Gideon Chapel, Dinas Cross, Pembrokeshire, that his salary has never reached £150 a year. He is not complaining for he gets more than some of his colleagues in Wales; but discontented clerics in other denominations can take a hint.

Remarkable.

The coming fight for the leadership of the Salvation Army reveals the remarkable hold on the organisation held by the Booth family. But what is more astonishing is the degree of efficiency attained in the interior administration of the "Army." Its world-wide ramifications are controlled entirely from the offices in Queen Victoria Street where powers are exercised that are only exceeded by those of the Papacy.

A Queer Doctor.

A schoolmaster of Cardiff who, injured in a cycling accident, was refused attention by a certain doctor, complained indignantly to the General Medical Council. He was politely sympathised with and informed that alleged negligence by doctors did not come within the purview of the council, and that a doctor is not compelled to give advice and attendance unless he wishes to do so. There seems something wrong both with the doctor in question and the rules of the Council.

We Said So.

Our Pensions expert has repeatedly informed readers of an extraordinary anomaly in the Contributory Pensions Act. The Unemployment Insurance Umpire of the Ministry of Labour has just "discovered" it! The anomaly is that many old people who lose their unemployment pay at the age of sixty-five are not always entitled to receive the pension. It is good to know that the Insurance Umpire has wakened up at last, but what is going to be done about it?

Shabby.

Messrs. H. Lee and Sons, Drapers of Western Road, Brighton, ought to be heartily ashamed of themselves. They engaged a little girl of fourteen to act as cashier, a responsible position involving the handling of as much as £100 a day, with a salary of 5s. weekly! In a moment of temptation the girl stole an envelope full of silver, was arrested and brought before the magistrates by whom she was placed on probation. Such firms as Messrs. Lee and Sons, deserve to lose more than a few shillings.

A Literary Lapse.

Literary aspirants should be wary of the Mitre Literary Agency of Mitre Street, London, which would appear to have too intimate a relationship with the firm of Arthur J. Stockwell, Ltd., of Ludgate Hill, whose activities in the publishing world we have often criticised. Amateur writers who have paid a fee to the former agency have been passed on to the latter who have also demanded a fee. Perhaps Mr. W. K. Fudge, of the Mitre Agency, will explain?

Poor Bill Sikes!

Scotland Yard is experimenting with apparatus to transmit finger-print photographs by telegraph and wireless. Satisfactory results have been obtained, and a new terror will shortly be added to the criminals' existence.

Alas, Poor Jorrocks!

The R.S.P.C.A., will shortly start an intensified campaign against blood sports. We prophesy that it won't be a long campaign. Hunting is dying a natural death. Hunts can no longer afford compensation and farmers can no longer afford to suffer damage. Economics for once is a good friend to the "cranks."

You Pay.

The brewers and distillers are looking forward to another prosperous year. Derating will make them an absolutely unconditional present of £400,000. From the public purse the chemical industry will receive £600,000, the food trades £850,000 and tobacco £250,000. Altogether flourishing industries will be awarded £4,500,000. "To him that hath, shall be given"—with a vengeance.

A Rotten Rates Scheme.

We do not admire the "brain wave" of certain local authorities, who give unemployed rate-defaulters work on the condition that a certain percentage is deducted from their earnings to meet their liabilities. Horsforth, Yorks, Urban Council deducts 50 per cent. from the meagre earnings of men so engaged. This may be practical, but it is not British.

The Scales of Justice

Three youths, Thomas Rayner, William Corbin and William Smith, all of Buckland, were each sentenced to six months' hard labour at Southsea for stealing fruit valued at £6 14s. At the Mansion House, Edward Arthur Woodall, aged fifty-five, who stole between £15,000 and £20,000, was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment in the second division. What a lottery it is!

Cabs not Arks.

Powerful representations are being made to the London Police authorities to revise the schedule to which all motor-cabs must conform. The present regulations are so stringent that a new taxi costs anything round £600. Cheaper, safer and more comfortable taxis, produced for £300 or so, would be possible if the schedule were brought up to date. Here is another reform to occupy the new brooms at Scotland Yard.

Railway Losses.

Railway receipts in 1928 show a decline of over £9,000,000 compared with those of 1927. This is not solely concerned with passenger traffic, but the discomfort and expense of travelling by rail are important factors. Trains starting to the same spot within ten minutes of one another and then an interval of three or four hours. Whole districts isolated on Sundays. Fares three times higher than they are in France. These are some points that must be remedied.

Here He is Again.

Shall we never hear the last of Mr. Walter Blackburn, the notorious blind charity twister? His latest effort is to link up his own bluff "holiday homes" for children at Tankerton-on-Sea with a decent children's party under the patronage of the Mayor of Camberwell. If it is true that Camberwell has been co-operating with Blackburn, then we trust that Camberwell will make a few enquiries before there is a repetition.

He is One.

Thomas Falkingham, of Roundhay Road, Leeds, has been informed that if he is brought to court again he may be treated as an incorrigible rogue. He is one already. Three months' hard labour was too lenient a sentence for one who robs the public under the cloak of organising a poor children's party. We happen to know that he has had a long career of fraud and forgery, and this is not the first time he has run bogus charities. He is also known to us by the names of Hall and Coulson.

THURSDAY, JAN. 31st
Watch this date!

JANUARY 12, 1929

JOHN BULL

THE DARK DENS of ENGLAND

By the Rt. Hon. The LORD BISHOP OF LONDON

THOSE of us who are called upon to fight the evils of ignorance, immorality, unhappiness and disease in big towns know that behind them lie certain fundamental maladies, of which the slum is the most virulent.

The slum is the open sore of England.

The Church has long been aware of how gravely slums affect the well-being of the nation, and for more than fifty years she has raised her voice in protest against them.

Yet to-day there is a feeling that the Church has been guilty of negligence in the matter. To my mind, this is a little unjust.

Kingsley and Westcott, Bishop Gore and Canon Scott-Holland have all taken an active part in the fight against the slums, but for the most part their protests have fallen on deaf ears.

But now at last there are signs that the nation is beginning to realise the dreadful thing that slums are—at any rate in London.

Reports issued recently by certain housing and survey groups have been so startling that the public has been shocked, and local authorities have been moved to action.

What is the position as regards slums in London to-day? The last census showed that between 600,000 and 700,000 people were living overcrowded to the extent of more than two to a room, and that of these close on 150,000 were living more than three to a room.

This was in 1921. Since then no improvement worth mentioning has taken place in the overcrowded London areas. In some cases they have grown even worse. Let me quote from the reports themselves:

Shocking instances

"In one room (in Monyer Street, Shoreditch) live a man and his wife, boys aged thirteen, nine, and seven and a half, and a daughter of twenty. There is only one bed, and only room for one. The father and boys have to go to bed first, and the mother and daughter undress behind a curtain; the mother then shares the family bed, and the daughter sleeps on some chairs.

No. —, Ranelagh Road (Victoria Ward, Westminster). Two rooms, man and wife, two adult sons, boys twelve, five and four, girls six and three; i.e., nine people.

"An elder son has left home in disgust at the conditions, and another son has been ill and is not allowed to return home. The children have been ill with diphtheria, measles, influenza and pneumonia. The mother has a weak chest and is threatened with consumption.

"The dimensions of the back room are: 9 ft. 3 in. by 8 ft. 3 in., and height 6 ft. 11½ in. Both rooms are dark, very damp and verminous."

These are but two instances among hundreds. No one can question the good faith and experience of the editor of the *Spectator*. All should read his verdict on the housing conditions in Chelsea.

Since the war, about 159,000 houses have been built in London of which about 100,000 have been erected by private enterprise. This is all to the good, but the great majority of these new houses are quite beyond the reach of poor tenants.

The Housing Acts have scarcely touched the slum problem at all. In fact the chairman of the London Housing League stated recently that unless progress in London became greater than it had been during his life-time, it would be some 150 years before a cure was worked.

It is true the Housing Trusts and Utility Societies have built about 3,000 houses, and these are inhabited by poor people; but their number is trifling in comparison with what is required.

Although they have gone a long way towards proving the lesson of Miss Octavia Hill, that scarcely any tenants are hopeless, the pity of it is that they have been obliged to work on a very small scale owing to the slender financial resources at their disposal.

More serious still, out of twenty-eight metropolitan boroughs, fifteen have contributed little or nothing from the borough rates to the clearance of unhealthy areas, or the provision of houses.

Alarming figures

These are placed before the public as the official figures, and they show what a grave responsibility rests with local authorities in view of the shocking conditions in certain districts.

In answer to a question in Parliament on December 11, the Minister of Health admitted that in Fulham at the time of the last census, 20,265 persons were living more than two to a room, and 2,895 more than three to a room; and Fulham is only an instance.

The public and the Church are asking whether adequate use is really being made of the Chamberlain and Wheatley Acts. The Prime Minister and Mr. Chamberlain have spoken most seriously about the dangers of delay.

Expense is, of course, the principal objection advanced by those who hesitate. To my mind, the truest thing that has ever been said on the subject is Archbishop Davidson's "cost what it may."

It is not primarily a matter of money, rates or taxes. It is a matter of right and wrong.

Every penny of income-tax brings in £5,000,000. The war cost more than the sum we need to clear the slums in one single day.

The necessary addition to rates and taxes would be very small indeed. It has not proved at all great in the case of other big towns. I hear of schemes in several big towns dealing with hundreds of families at a cost of less than a half-penny, or at most a penny, on the local rates.

On the other hand, there is no doubt at all that a great deal of public money is being wasted owing to the failure to remedy housing conditions.

The ex-chairman of the London County Insurance Committee estimates the cost of preventable rheumatism at £17,000,000 a year.

Drink and slums

The Medical Officer of Health for Glasgow reported that city housing improvements reduced public expenditure on tuberculosis by £32,000 in a single year.

We spend £300,000,000 a year on social services, and about the same amount on the drink trade. If we spent 5 per cent. of each on building, we could practically wipe out our slums. An enormous improvement could be brought about at a trifling cost to taxpayer and ratepayer alike.

The connection between drink and slums is perfectly obvious. Abolish the one, and you will go far to abolish the other.

The longer the slums are allowed to remain, the worse will be the effect on the whole nation.

Then, too, neglect of slum clearance is having a bad effect on unemployment. The number of unemployed builders is dangerously high. These men should be hard at work—busily building homes for others, and at the same time supporting their own wives and children. This is what they wish to do, not to live on any form of charity.

Another obstacle in the way of slum clearance is the outcry which is raised by certain landlords



The Rt. Hon. the Rt. Rev. The Lord Bishop of London, who urges every member of the public to regard the slum menace as a personal problem to be fought as we would fight disease

when their property is "confiscated." They should realise that bad houses are bad business.

Landlords whose property is required for clearances are compensated under the Acts, and personally, I have little sympathy for a man who has neglected his property and simply regarded it as a money-making concern without regard to the rights of his fellow creatures.

Many tenants are ignorant of the laws regulating their tenancy, and I am sorry to say that landlords frequently profit from their ignorance. This should be stopped.

There is one case in particular which I must mention. Landlords of controlled houses are allowed to fix their rents at 40 per cent. above the pre-war standard—if the house is reasonably fit for human habitation.

Ignorant tenants

There are thousands of houses in London which are not reasonably fit for human habitation—last year Mr. Chamberlain said in Parliament that there were 1,142 in Fulham alone!

Nevertheless, the tenants who occupy these houses are in the great majority of cases paying rents on a post-war scale.

The Church stands for justice all round, and in such cases she intends to play a leading part in securing redress for poor tenants who cannot, because of their ignorance and poverty, defend themselves.

The machinery of the Law is at our service. Every single insanitary house in London is under the direct care of some public authority which is armed with the duty of enforcing sanitary regulations.

Bad landlords are being much more firmly dealt with in Court than they used to be. Fines of five and ten shillings for offences against the Housing Acts are becoming less frequent.

I remember hearing particulars of one case where a landlord was fined £250 with costs. Penalties on this scale would rapidly convince offenders that slum landlordism does not pay.

It is not enough for us to point out the sins of landlords and the omissions of local authorities. Action is needed—wholesale, but well organised, frontal action all along the line. The slums affect us all personally, and we must fight them as if they were a disease from which each one of us was suffering.

His Majesty the King has said "The foundation of national glory is set in the homes of the people. They will remain unshaken while the family life of our race is strong, simple and pure."

Let us rise up, then, and put an end to this evil once and for all.



Mr. Justice Wright, who, before his elevation to the Bench, had an exceptionally wide experience as leading counsel in intricate commercial cases. His shrewd observations in the present sensational action consequently carry considerable weight.

AMAZING STORY OF Bogus £430,000 Insurance Claim STOLEN SHARES

The story, which we are here enabled to reveal, reads more like fiction than fact, yet the veracity of the details cannot be disputed.

Apparently, Messrs. L. and J. Hoff, whose business ramifications extend to the Baltic, decided in 1925 that it was undesirable that all their shares and securities should be kept in one country.

For business reasons and purposes of credit, therefore, they arranged to bring a large consignment of securities from Lithuania to London.

The business being a family one, in which no fewer than nine brothers are interested, the responsible mission of transporting these valuable securities was entrusted to Mr. Elias Hoff.

This gentleman, according to his subsequent story, set off on the first stage of his journey from Riga to Berlin, with the securities concealed in a locked trunk.

Fatal sleep

He had a first-class carriage to himself, and the trunk was consequently under his continual observation until he fell asleep, thus ignoring the sound advice that had been specially given to him by both his brother Jacob, who was the leading spirit of the family, and by his lawyer before leaving.

He awoke with a start to find that the trunk was missing. His suit-case had been opened and money had also

been taken from his jacket pocket; but the train was still speeding on its way.

He instantly summoned the guard, who made a thorough search of the train without being able to discover any trace of the trunk or the thieves, who had worked so silently and mysteriously.

Puzzling robbery

The mystery was all the more puzzling because the train had not stopped anywhere during the interval in which the robbery must have taken place!

Such, briefly, is the story on which the claim was based, and when payment of the £430,000 was not forthcoming Messrs. L. and J. Hoff decided to press the matter in the High Court.

Some idea of the involved nature of the case may be gathered from the fact that it occupied the time—and, we imagine, the patience—of Mr. Justice Wright and leading legal advocates for no fewer than thirty-six days.

It also necessitated the calling of scores of witnesses, many of whom had to be brought specially to London from various parts of the world.

In view of the damning facts there elicited, which have resulted in the impudent claim being set aside, we feel that the case is one which, in the best interests of British com-

merce, should receive the widest publicity.

In the first place, the shares upon which the claim was based were never worth anything like the value which Messrs. Hoff put upon them when inducing the underwriters to issue cover.

When evidence was given regarding a certain transaction in 1925-6, affecting the alleged value of the shares, Mr. Justice Wright made some shrewd comments.

He had, he declared, formed the conclusion that the evidence was nothing more than an attempt to create a fictitious appearance of a market value that did not exist.

Nor was that all, His Lordship further contended that the transaction itself had been deliberately carried out with the definite object of producing the appearance of a market.

Mr. Justice Wright's considered opinion of the whole affair contains some scathing comments.

He characterised Jacob Hoff as a very ambitious man, desirous of becoming a financial magnate, and not very scrupulous in his business undertakings or the conduct of them.

He further observed that he could not precisely rely upon the word of any of the four brothers Hoff who had given evidence before him!

Caustic comments

Even with other witnesses called in support of the claim, his lordship declared that there was a tendency to "sacrifice truth to expediency" during the hearing, and that many of them were dominated by Mr. Jacob Hoff.

Many essential documents, which might have thrown light upon the whole affair, were not forthcoming, while others that were put forward were of a misleading character.

At least one agreement referred to in the course of the action was described by the Judge as not representing a genuine transaction!

It is not surprising, in view of these facts, that, in dismissing the claim, Mr. Justice Wright declared that he was not satisfied that the trunk was full, or that Hoff was asleep; but that he was satisfied that there had been no loss at all!

There was no suggestion that Hoff had been drugged, he declared, and if the robbery could have been effected without awakening him, it must have been an "extraordinarily deep slumber."

Is this the end?

We have rarely come across such an amazing story, and it must be unique in the records of the High Courts of Justice for such a huge insurance claim to be so emphatically quashed.

But is the matter to end with the mere rejection of this claim? It seems a scandalous thing that any firm should be able to put forward an impudent claim like this without being called to strict account.

WHAT is perhaps the most remarkable insurance claim ever known has been lodged by a firm of Russian merchants named L. and J. Hoff, which has a London office in Walbrook, E.C.

Alleging that invaluable shares had been stolen from a train between Riga and Berlin, it claimed the sum of £430,000 jointly from the Union Insurance Society of Canton, Ltd., and a Lloyd's underwriter named de Rougemont.

Payment was refused on the ground that material facts had been withheld at the time the policy had been taken out, and that the claim was fraudulent.

BASEMENT BRAIN FACTORY

Pen of Gold Gush

WE admire Mr. Frank Potter (or should we say the Mr. Frank Potter?) for one thing only. And that is his taste in printing.

His circulars, his letter-headings, his receipt and guarantee forms are models of choicely selected type and excellent paper.

From the gushing red seal on one to the panorama of London-by-night on the other, he has made a thoroughly good job of everything. They are neat, stylish and impressive.

The Mr. Frank Potter, we must explain, is principal of the London School of Authorship, of Albemarle Street, London, W.1.

Basement college

The college is certainly situate in the street named, but many people will doubtlessly be surprised to learn that it is in a basement.

Perhaps, however, Mr. Potter knows best. Some people may prefer their college in a basement!

Mr. Potter would also appear to like company, for he shares the basement with a letter-service concern.

Perhaps, as Mr. Potter is now only

"teaching" through the post he finds such a service convenient. His college, in fact, is nothing better than an accommodation address!

Mr. Frank Potter—you can also call him Ernest—is or was a Fulham man, living at 3, Rectory Gardens.

He has, he says, reduced the "technique" of "successful writing" to a practical system instead of a study. He is, he claims, constantly introducing his pupils to leading editors and publishers.

Enrol by wire

Mr Potter is so anxious to enrol students that he even goes to the trouble of sending them a telegraph form, already filled up.

Why should he wish to hurry them into taking such a decisive step?

We have seen Mr. Potter's little book, "The Pen of Gold," and we must admit that it is very well written. It is also very misleading.

It is so well written that it is possible that credulous people might easily be misled.

They might even imagine that Mr. Potter could make them a Thomas Hardy or an Edgar Wallace, and we feel we ought to warn literary

aspirants to be wary before parting with their guineas.

Mr. Potter knows very well that when he says that almost anybody can learn to write he is stating a fallacy. They may learn to write after a fashion, but the majority will never make money out of writing or find it a profitable career.

Again, Mr. Potter must also know, when he refers to alluring advertisements for staff men on newspapers, that pupils taking his postal course would stand little chance in competition with skilled, professional journalists.

We have no objection whatever to Mr. Potter teaching the art of writing.

A hearty protest

But we heartily protest at his method of inducing the credulous to part with their money on the strength of misleading circulars and letters, and extravagant suggestions as to the easy path to literary fame and riches.

It is all very well to talk airily of "the pen of gold," but unless we are mistaken the gentlemen who run correspondence schools of this class are chiefly interested in the gold supplied by gullible pupils!

JANUARY 12, 1929

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JOHN BULL

A "MISS" IN DOUBLE BALKE Twin Twisters' Duplicity

FOR many months a remarkably polished rascal has been operating in London and elsewhere, and has succeeded in bringing off a number of clever coups.

Under the name of Maurice Balke, he has passed as a clergyman and as a medical student.

In the latter rôle he recently visited a big firm of motor-agents at Wood Green and, intimating that he was attending one of the London hospitals, asked to be shown some expensive cars.

He ultimately selected a handsome saloon model valued at £500, agreeing to pay for it on the spot.

He suggested, however, that he would like to be taken on a trial run, and, while a chauffeur was getting the car ready, Mr. Balke shamefacedly admitted to the salesman that he had come out without his cheque-book.

A trial spin

Would the firm oblige him with a blank cheque? If so, he would fill it in for the full £500 and it could easily telephone to his bank while its chauffeur was taking him for the trial spin.

This arrangement seemed safe enough, and, having gained this point, Mr. Balke asked if the firm would oblige him still further by giving him a second cheque form that he could fill in for £5 or so and hand to them in return for cash.

He was extremely sorry to put it to all this trouble, but it would save

him going all the way back to the hospital.

It says much for his ability to inspire confidence that this second request was also granted without demur, and by the time the chauffeur was ready with the car the cash was in Mr. Balke's pocket.

He was driven off for a short trial run, and on the journey expressed satisfaction over the car's smooth running and comfort.

Clever get-away

He asked the chauffeur to drop him for a few minutes at the Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, London, W.C. Knowing nothing of the cheque transactions, the man innocently obeyed.

Mr. Balke never returned, but both his cheques did, being promptly dishonoured by the bank.

This rogue has repeated similar coups in various parts. He is versatile to a degree.

In one instance he victimised a large firm of surgical appliance manufacturers.

Selecting a valuable supply of instruments in a manner which showed that he was thoroughly conversant with their uses, he succeeded in obtaining them on the strength of a worthless cheque.

On another occasion he entered a shop in Duncan Street, Islington, and, giving a false address at Dalston, obtained articles for his personal use in return for a cheque.

To round off this transaction he even prevailed upon his dupe to

hand him a considerable amount in change. His cheque, of course, was subsequently dishonoured.

A short time back, too, in company with another crook, who passed under the unassuming name of Clarke, he took an office at Barbican House, London, on a three-monthly agreement.

Here Balke and his companion started a business called the "Evanaro Press," but after three weeks they both disappeared. In the interval, however, they had contrived to dispose of a number of goods that they had obtained on credit.

His associate in the Barbican venture is an equally clever swindler, whose real name is Philip Eveleigh.

In many of their coups they work hand in glove, and, apart from duping traders and shopkeepers, they have even preyed upon landladies.

False address

In the alias of John Dewar, Eveleigh once called at a shop in Charterhouse Street, London, E.C., and, stating that he was a musician, ordered some expensive instruments.

He gave his address as Lowther Hill, London, S.E., and tendered a cheque drawn on an Aldersgate Street bank in payment for the goods.

Like the cheques of his friend Balke it came back "R.D." and the address at Lowther Hill was found to be false.

Between them, in the assumed names of "G. Ross Allen," "Conrad



Inspector Steele of the C.I.D., E. Division, whose attention we direct to the twin crooks here exposed

Duncan," "E. T. Wallace," "Eveleigh Haycroft" and "Maurice Earle," this precious pair of swindlers has duped large numbers of people.

In addition to their widely distributed bogus cheques they have negotiated forged bankers' drafts, purporting to be drawn on the Threadneedle Street branch of the Bank of Montreal.

Balke, who is of Jewish appearance, is the more resourceful of the two, and hails from Canada, where, not long ago, he got into trouble with the authorities and, after serving a term of imprisonment, was deported.

Women victims

In two cases at least his dupes have been women, whom he callously robbed after gaining their confidence by promising marriage.

It is difficult to understand how these twin crooks—about whom so much evidence is available—contrive to evade arrest.

A VERY HOT MUSTARD CLUB

All my Eye—and Michael Marten!

AN appeal for funds has just been made by the St. Nicholas Ward Mustard Club under the heading: "Winter Fund," and collecting-boxes have been exhibited in various public-houses and hotels throughout Brighton.

Nevertheless, in spite of its widespread appeal, a certain aura of mystery seems to have hovered round the club, and, in commenting on this fact, one local newspaper recently asked, "What is the Brighton Mustard Club?"

A pertinent query

As the paper in question and the public to whom the appeal has been made are still waiting for an answer to this pertinent query, JOHN BULL feels it its duty to reply.

In the strictest sense of the word, it is not a "club" at all, but a child of the brain of Councillor Michael Marten, who resides in Over Street, Brighton.

He has been described on a printed appeal as the "organiser," and it would seem that he believes that if you want a thing done well you must do it yourself.

No supervision

Councillor Marten has done nearly everything. He has even made the collecting-boxes out of old tiffin-tins; has taken them round to public places for exhibition, and has gathered them in again when filled.

But, stay! We are being a little too hasty; for, while taking so much pains to get the public to subscribe, the councillor seems to weary of well-doing and to leave the most important functions to others.

According to his printed matter, his system is to hand tickets to those who have exhibited his boxes, for them to distribute at their own discretion, and, apparently, without any supervision on the part of the club.

These tickets, the number of which is governed by the amount yielded by each box, entitle "aged poor old

folks" to receive a useful parcel of groceries at a cost of 3s. 6d.

Apart from the obvious objections to such a haphazard form of charity distribution, we find that there are several reasons why Councillor Marten's scheme should be looked upon with disfavour.

To begin with, he is a man who has dabbled in charitable and other schemes for years past, without achieving any remarkable success.

He has, however, achieved a certain amount of notoriety, for, in 1926, when he was associated with an Old Age Pensioners' Treat Fund as "hon. organiser and treasurer," comment was made about some items in the balance-sheet.

Collecting-box charges

It was suggested that Marten had credited himself in two years with amounts of £10 and £14 odd in respect of collecting-boxes, which had, in fact, been presented free.

Mr. Marten's explanation was that these sums represented the cost of

distributing the boxes over a wide area, and gathering them in again at the appropriate time; but the outcome of a discussion on the matter was that he was called upon to resign.

Another of Marten's schemes was a Street Traders' Protection Association, which fizzled out very quickly, leaving subscribers with nothing to show for their money.

Unpaid printer

He was also behind a "Brighter Brighton" movement four or five years ago, which shared a similar fate, and a printer who executed work in connection with this latter project to the extent of £58 has not been paid to this day.

We should have thought that Councillor Marten would have realised by this time that he has limitations.

If he will follow our advice, he will retire and leave the work of helping the poor to the numerous established charities which are better qualified to do it.

HOUNDED FOR SIX YEARS Grave International Police Blunders

WHAT is the mystery behind the arrest and acquittal of a young man named Reginald Heney, of Waverley Road, Streatham Hill, London, S.E., who has been on remand on a serious charge since the summer of last year?

Heney is an Englishman who has acted for some years as an agent on the Continent for British and American commercial firms, and whose duties, naturally, require his personal attention abroad for the greater part of his time.

His long remand at home, therefore, has greatly jeopardised his business affairs, and the history of his experience is so amazing that we feel it a matter of international importance that the truth should be made public.

Heney was arrested at Folkestone in July of last year as he was leaving the s.s. *Riviera*, being identified by a Customs official as a man answering a description on a long-outstanding warrant.

Surprise arrest

As soon as he had recovered from the initial shock, Heney demanded to know the terms of the warrant, and was dumbfounded when told that he was "wanted" for an offence alleged to have been committed in London six years before.

He protested his innocence, but, after a night spent in Folkestone Jail, was brought to London by detectives specially sent from Scotland Yard.

On July 28 he was officially charged at Bow Street Police Court with the offence set down in the warrant as follows: "That, wilfully, on August 23, 1922, he did obtain credit without disclosing the fact that he was an undischarged bankrupt."

Heney, intimated that he was anxious to meet this charge with all possible speed. He recollected having contracted a debt at the time referred to in the antiquated warrant, but stated that he had acted quite honourably.

Repeated remands

So, after a further night in a prison cell, he was brought before Mr. Graham Campbell, quite prepared to defend himself.

The police, however, regretted that they were unable to proceed with the case as the prosecutor, upon whose evidence the warrant had been granted six years before, could not be found!

At the end of a week's remand it was officially stated that the prosecutor, a Mr. John Brown, whose London address was given at the Waldorf Hotel, Strand, was at present on a big-game hunting expedition in Africa, and was consequently unavailable.

This led to a further remand of three months, during which period,

although released on bail, Mr. Heney was left with this ancient charge still hanging over his head.

But his ordeal was to be prolonged still further, for, when he appeared in November, his case was put off again until December 21, upon which date the prosecutor had definitely intimated that he would be available to give evidence.

Then, when the fatal day actually arrived, Mr. Heney was honourably acquitted, it being proved beyond all doubt that he was the victim of circumstances over which he had no control.

If this were the beginning and end of the story it would be bad enough,



M. Jean Chiappe, Chief of the Police in Paris, where Heney's banking account was confiscated while he was travelling on other parts of the Continent

but, unbelievable as it may seem, this unhappy experience is by no means the worst that has befallen Mr. Heney as a result of the "circumstances" hinted at above.

Terrible ordeals

We have already mentioned that his business keeps him for the most part abroad. Will it be believed that for the greater part of the last six years he has been hounded from pillar to post in nearly every country in Europe?

Time after time, indeed, he has been flung into Continental prisons, branded as an alien swindler.

Everything can be traced back to the time six years ago, when he entered into the transaction with Mr. John Brown that eventually brought about his arrest and acquittal in this country.

A fatal meeting

The two men, who were originally introduced to each other at the Waldorf Hotel, became on very friendly terms, and when they subsequently met in Paris, Heney asked Mr. Brown to help him over temporary difficulties.

In addition to his agencies, Heney was then interested with a man

who had a business for the importation of American motor accessories into France.

Mr. Heney explained that difficulties had arisen regarding the shipment of goods from New York, and that a little money was temporarily necessary.

Come-back cheques

Certain moneys would shortly be coming in from his other agencies, he declared, and if Mr. Brown would advance him £400 on a post-dated cheque from his own account, he would be greatly obliged.

Mr. Brown, quite satisfied that Heney was an honest man, readily complied, but the cheque came back dishonoured.

So, indeed, did a number of other cheques that Mr. Heney issued at that period in the course of everyday business transactions, while paying a visit to various places on the Continent.

One day in Berne, for instance, he was arrested on the charge of passing a cheque at a Paris hotel, which he had "no provision to meet."

Honourable acquittals

He strenuously maintained that there should have been adequate funds at his bank to meet this cheque at the time it was issued, and, after a prolonged period in custody, was honourably acquitted.

Then, at St. Julien, posted as a man who had already been in trouble, he was charged with inducing a certain Monsieur Louzy, of Vichy, to cash a cheque for 500 f. He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and ordered to refund the amount involved.

Maintaining his steadfast assertion that his cheque should have been met, he appealed against his conviction and once again was honourably acquitted, though not before he had spent many months in jail!

In all, this Englishman has spent no fewer than three whole years in French, Swiss, Dutch, German and Belgian jails, in respect of charges which were subsequently withdrawn!

No redress

What is the explanation? Mr. Heney swears that he gave the cheques in all good faith, unaware that his personal banking account in Paris had been confiscated by the police authorities there for the alleged debts of the gentleman with whom he had been associated in the motor accessory business.

The fact that this explanation has been accepted in five foreign countries, and by our own authorities in England, surely indicates that a grave injustice has been done to a British subject abroad, who, apparently, has no redress for the long years he has spent in Continental jails.

Toynbee the Twister Mulcting the Mothers

A NUMBER of poor people in Hove are anxiously wondering what has happened to their hard-earned sixpences and shillings that they have paid week by week over varying periods to a concern known as Toynbee and Son, of Barcombe Road, North Moulsecomb, Brighton.

They first started paying in the middle of last year, following a visit by a young man who induced them to become members of a boot and shoe club.

One hard-working mother, with two children to provide for, thought that the idea would be an excellent one, for she knew how speedily little children can wear out their shoes.

Weekly sixpences

So she became a member of the club and paid her sixpence with unfailing regularity whenever the collector called.

After eight payments had been made this woman asked the representative if one of her little girls could be furnished with a pair of boots.

She was told that she could have them on the following week; but when the collector called he brought a pair of boy's boots that were much too large. The suggestion that the toes could be stuffed with paper was naturally declined, and the boots were taken away.

Since then the collector has never troubled to call, no other boots have been offered and the woman has been unable to recover the 4s. that she has paid into the club funds.

Angry mothers

The only satisfaction that remains to her is the knowledge that she is not alone in her trouble. Several near neighbours who joined the so-called club at about the same time, as herself, are in a similar quandary.

One is a mother of five children, who has paid 4s. 6d. without receiving any return whatever. Another mother, with two children, paid 1s. a week for seven weeks.

Then the collector failed to put in an appearance, and Toynbee and Son have supplied no boots or shoes.

This woman could do with her money now, for both her children are attending school and require new footwear with alarming frequency.

Another victim who paid regularly for a week or two dropped out when she heard her neighbours complaining of their unhappy experience.

She went to seek the advice of the local police, but was told that while numerous complaints had been received, the matter was really one for the county court.

Toynbee's victims, being all poor people, cannot afford to take action; but they have promised the collector a warm reception if he dares to come their way again.

WILY WIDOW'S OXFORD "BAGS"

The Angel-Faced Crook

FOR the best part of a year, at least, a pretty widow, who always operates from the most fashionable quarters of London and provincial towns alike, has succeeded in dodging the long arm of the law whilst leading a life of persistent crime.

Her exquisite charm of manner is supplemented by a ready wit and a resourceful brain, and she possesses an angelic countenance which everywhere disarms suspicion.

She recently visited the university City of Oxford, and, driving to one of the finest hotels, signed the register as "A. Wilson, Whitehall Court, London, S.W."

Telling the management that she was a wealthy widow, who had come down to spend a few days with her student son, she engaged one of the best rooms at the hotel.

Winsome widow

The winsome widow had no son at Oxford, and the management learnt to its sorrow that she was a clever crook when, after eating and drinking of the best for several days, she absconded without paying her account.

Nor was this all. During her brief stay at Oxford, Mrs. Wilson honoured several local traders with her confiding presence and, obtaining goods from them worth varying sums, gave them cheques in settlement which eventu-

ally came back from the bank dishonoured.

In one case she entered a furrier's establishment and, with the calmest precision, selected a valuable coat trimmed with opossum.

Explaining that she was staying indefinitely at the hotel, she asked the furrier to send the garment there to await her return, and handed over a cheque in payment.

A jeweller duped

Knowing the hotel to be the exclusive resort of wealthy people, the furrier took the cheque in all innocence, but by the time he discovered that it was entirely worthless, the widow from Whitehall Court had disappeared, coking resplendent in the fur coat, and leaving numerous other victims behind who had been similarly imposed upon.

Eastbourne saw her next. Here, installed again at a first-class hotel, she duped numerous people. One is a jeweller upon whom she called with the story that she was buying a relative a little present.

In her Eastbourne peregrinations, by the way, she passed in the name of Steward.

Asking to be shown some expensive rings, the fashionably attired widow once more displayed the same kind of slow discrimination which has marked most of her coups.

After some time spent in examining

the jewels, she eventually selected a nicely set five-stone diamond ring and asked for it to be sent to her at her hotel.

This was done; but, alas! the cheque she tendered to the jeweller in payment came back "R.D."

And, of course, when enquiries were made at the hotel, angel-faced "Mrs. Steward" had departed without settling her bill, leaving the management to answer many anxious enquiries from tradesmen dupes.

In the case of the jeweller, however, "Mrs. Steward" excelled. For, apart from obtaining the ring by false pretences, she induced him to accept a cheque made out for five guineas more than the article was worth and to hand her the change.

Diamond ear-rings

How many more jewellers she has robbed in her travels we cannot say, but when she turned up at Brighton a few days later some lovely diamond ear-rings were conspicuous in her ears.

Brighton, like Eastbourne and Oxford—and, indeed, a score of other towns all over the country—is now lamenting the temporary "reign" there of this pretty widow, who, in the guise of "Mrs. Saxton," robbed all and sundry in a very brief space of time.

One Brighton dupe is a wine and spirit merchant who, at her request,



The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Bessborough, C.V.O., President of the Hotels and Restaurants Association, who should be interested in this exposure of a clever hotel thief.

supplied "Mrs. Saxton" with a consignment of the choicest wines and spirits, which, at her request, were sent to her hotel.

All the cheques she passed at this famous south coast resort, as may now be fully expected, were subsequently dishonoured.

Amongst other names used at random by this wily adventurer are "Sophia Watson" and "Anna Clifford."

"What's in a name?" asked the famous bard.

The dupes of this many aliased vixen think that a very appropriate answer is to be found in the swift succession of her cool and calculated exploits.

WARNED off the "COURSE"

A Bargain in Bunkum

MEET Mr. H. R. Rawling, the man who wants to make you rich! So confident is this gentleman of Leeds that he can put you on the high road to wealth, ease and independence that he begins by offering you off his own bat a guinea for half-a-crown.

In a bright little circular, in which his address is given as c/o Alan J. Fentone and Co., of Woodhouse Lane, Leeds, Mr. Rawling discourses brightly on the joys and comforts an extra £5 or £10 a week would bring.

"Think," says he, "of the pleasure of spending your time just as you wish, with no master to worry or criticise you—no long hours of monotonous slavery with the possibility of unemployment and the dole for ever facing you—but the happy knowledge that you alone will reap the benefit of your labours."

A "wonderful" man

Apparently magistrates, colonels, editors, a British Legion official, a B.A., an auditor and an accountant, "etc., etc.," have all told Mr. Rawling what a wonderful man he is.

And he must be a wonderful man, too! For, on a capital of three shillings, you can, under his guidance, start in your own home a flourishing

business. "No matter what your age, sex or qualifications may be, you are bound to make money."

Our readers will not be surprised to learn that generous Mr. Rawling is hawking a mail-order course, and that his initial offer of a guinea for half-a-crown merely means that for the latter amount he will send you a "complete course" which he claims is worth the former.

Obvious danger

We have before us as we write a copy of the course, which consists of thirty-eight sheets of duplicated typescript, and is styled a "new and revised edition."

The course, which bears no address, is issued by the "British Mail Institute," and there is no reference to the Leeds address that is given on the circular.

The obvious danger of telling all and sundry that they can build up a mail-order business, capable of yielding £500 a year, merely with a few shillings capital, with "no stock, no fixtures or fittings," does not require defining.

We advise our readers to keep their half-crowns and let Mr. Rawling stick to his guineas. The only way to make more money is to work for it.

DOTTED LINE DIAGNOSES

Simplified Symptoms

FREE advice on health matters is offered by one W. Aloysius Browne, of the Walpole Botanic Dispensary, 133, 134, St. Mary's Street, Southampton, who also promises to indicate the "correct treatment" a sufferer may require.

It does not matter where you happen to reside, for Mr. W. Aloysius Browne undertakes to diagnose your case from your own written description and to carry out everything through the medium of the post.

He obligingly furnishes a free advice form, the completion of which entails no great labour.

Postal diagnosis

Do you sleep well? he asks. Do you eat well? Is your heart weak? Is your tongue coated? Are you stout or thin? Have you any pain? What position gives you most ease?

Having answered these and other questions appropriately, it is open to you to write out some brief particulars of your "symptoms" on the reverse side of the form. W. Aloysius Browne will do the rest.

One of his letters of free advice is before us at the moment and there really is a most authoritative tone about it.

"You must follow out my directions and you will gradually get better and better."

But on the matter of diagnosis Mr. W. Aloysius Browne is not wholly committal. "I think your trouble is due to a disordered liver," he writes. The italics are ours.

See your doctor

However, on the strength of this "think" he does not hesitate to prescribe herbs, capsules, tablets and pills and to urge the sufferer to rub himself with unguentum at appropriate intervals.

Of course, all the herbs, capsules, tablets and pills prescribed can be obtained from the Walpole Botanic Dispensary, and a fortnight's supply is priced at 18s. 5d.

Mr. W. Aloysius Browne concluded his advice by pointing out that a month's supply would be less expensive, "as you will have to persevere."

Sufferers who submit to unqualified postal treatment are deliberately inviting trouble. At any rate, we sincerely trust that none of our readers will forsake their established family doctor for distant strangers of the type of Mr. W. Aloysius Browne.

Pleasing Players



*Player's
please*



NCC.578



DOOMED under the RED DUSTER

Grave Merchant Service Scandal.

CASES have come to our notice recently which throw a disquieting light on the provision made for our merchant sailors who are taken ill at sea.

Not only is there very little chance of a man receiving proper medical attention on board a merchant vessel, but in many instances, if he is put ashore for treatment, it is a case of "out of the frying-pan into the fire."

A short time ago there walked into the headquarters of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society a man who had been a fireman on board a merchant vessel. He looked as if he had "been through it," and he had.

While at sea he had crushed his hand in an accident. There was no surgeon aboard, but the master and the steward had done their best.

A passing liner was spoken, but the seas were so rough that the man could not be transferred. When at last he received proper medical treatment half of his hand had to be amputated.

One of many

Of course he was unfit for further employment at sea. He is now without any relation in the world, without resources, without sickness benefit, and with nothing but the prospect of the workhouse before him.

This is only one instance of the appalling wreck which may be made of a man's life owing to the lack of immediate medical attention. If a surgeon had been on board with the proper medical appliances, it is quite possible that the man's hand could have been saved.

But a large proportion of our merchant vessels have no surgeon aboard. The captain and the officers are supposed to have a working knowledge of first aid, but that is all.

When a sailor is taken ill at sea, the master is expected to have him examined by a doctor as soon as he can put ashore.

If the illness occurs at the beginning of a voyage and it is difficult to find another man to replace the casualty, the master will probably be unwilling to leave him behind.

In such circumstances it is not unknown for a master to have a few words in private with the foreign doctor who examines the man. Cases have arisen where money has passed—with the consequence that the sick sailor has not been put ashore.

An appropriate term

But when a man is taken seriously ill he is usually left behind. He is known as a "distressed" sailor. The term is an appropriate one, for it not infrequently happens that he ends by being considerably more distressed than when he was on board. It all depends upon the Consul.

So long as he remains on the sick

list he is at least given board and lodging, but as soon as he recovers he often has to fend for himself.

It may happen that he has been put ashore hastily in some remote part of the world, and no ship can be found to pick him up. Or the Consul may take no steps to send him home—there have been such cases. In either instance he must find employment or starve.

A sorry plight

Naturally the Consul cannot be expected to find work for him. The unfortunate sailor is therefore obliged to tramp the country looking for a job.

Imagine his plight! He has only just recovered from an illness and he finds himself in a foreign country whose language he is probably unable to speak and whose alien laws set him at a disadvantage.

Many a fine young fellow has gone completely to the dogs through being placed in such terrible circumstances.

In some parts of the world where merchant vessels put in shore it is no uncommon thing to find some poor ragged creature hanging round the boat and begging for a few scraps of



Sir P. Cunliffe-Lister, President of the Board of Trade, whose attention we draw to the evils here exposed

food. This pathetic object was once a self-respecting British sailor.

It is appalling to think of the situation of a young sailor lad who is alone in a foreign country with no one to look after him.

The case of such a lad came to the notice of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society only a few months ago. Three years earlier the boy had sailed in a merchantman from an English port promising to write regularly to his mother.

At first his letters arrived by every mail. Then they began to come at irregular intervals. At last they stopped, and his mother had a letter

from the owners stating that her son had failed to join his ship.

All efforts to trace him were in vain, and meanwhile his mother lost her husband. Then the British and Foreign Sailors' Society took up the search, and at length succeeded in finding the boy.

They found that he had fallen in with evil companions in a foreign town. He had sunk swiftly to worse and worse companions, illness and despair.

Small wonder if sailors who are put ashore in foreign countries sometimes find themselves in difficulties, and even come up against the law.

Foreign "justice"

In most foreign countries not only is the language strange to Jack, but also the laws. It is terrible to think that scores of our sailors may be languishing in foreign jails because no proper arrangements were made to look after them when they were put ashore "distressed."

Justice in some foreign countries is rank injustice to the British way of thinking. In England an accused man is considered innocent unless he can be proved guilty. In some parts of the world he is held to be guilty unless he can prove himself innocent.

Only last year one of our sailors who had been put ashore from a merchant vessel was released from an Italian prison where he had served a year's sentence through no fault of his own.

While waiting for a vessel to take him home, it happened that a procession of Fascists marched through the town where he was staying.

Crowded cell

Never having seen "black shirts" before, and being struck by the queer-ness of the costume, he pointed them out to a pal and laughed.

He was immediately arrested and charged with insulting Signor Mussolini, and without any proper trial was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.

Another sailor, Andrew Donaldson, who signed on the s.s. *Blawsworth* as fireman, July, 1927, was arrested at Galveston, Texas, for going ashore without a passport.

He was sent to Harris County Jail at Houston, where he was put in a cell measuring 24 ft by 10 ft, with sixty other men of all nationalities, including twelve Englishmen, among whom was a quartermaster named Ronald Henderson of the Nelson Line. There were two Mexicans awaiting execution.

Two washstands were provided, and the only ventilation was through a small cell-window near the ceiling. Donaldson's bed was a straw mattress infested with vermin, and he was fed on starvation diet.

After three months he was trans-



The Lord Radstock, C.B.E., President of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, which is overwhelmed with appeals from distressed seamen

ferred to a much smaller cell which he had to himself for the next nine months.

He never underwent a trial, but at last, after Henderson had written a letter of protest to the shipping company's Washington agent, they were both released in November of this year.

During the whole of the twelve months no attempts seem to have been made by the British Consul to secure justice for them.

Many distressed British sailors have their homes in the Colonies, and one would think that the obvious thing to do was to ship them back to their native lands. But this is rarely done. Almost invariably they are shipped to England, whether they wish it or not.

Thousands involved

Why this should be done we cannot imagine, unless it is to save certain people the trouble of thinking. At all events the result is that thousands of unfortunate British sailors from the Colonies are dumped down in London where there are already too many men to fill the available jobs.

Last year the British and Foreign Sailors' Society had to give assistance to 31,000 sailors, including many from the Colonies.

It is not our intention to charge the merchant shipping companies as a whole, nor to suggest that the Consular service is inefficient.

Callous firms

There are companies and companies, just as there are Consuls and Consuls.

We know of shipping firms which have granted pensions to families when there was no obligation for them to do so, and Consuls who always do their utmost for sailors who come under their care.

But there are firms which pay too much attention to their balance sheets, and too little attention to common humanity.

And there are certain Consuls whom we should like to see taking their responsibilities more seriously to heart.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

to People who Deserve Them

H.R.H. The PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.,
York House, St. James's.

SIR,—You have frequently been called the Nation's Best Commercial Traveller, but I have always thought that you were even more our Ambassador of Friendliness and Good Will. Your friends in the United States have now clubbed together to send our starving miners and their families £20,000. It seems to me that no greater tribute of affection has ever been paid to you, and we join with the whole nation in expressing our gratitude to you once more.

JOHN BULL.

His Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK,
Bishopsthorpe, York.

MY LORD ARCHBISHOP,—I am delighted that so strong and admirable a personality as yourself has been enthroned at York Minster, Primate of England. Your predecessor has left a high tradition of practical Christianity behind him. You, I know, will maintain and even enrich this legacy. The Church of England is torn with dissensions and feuds concerning words and forms. May you show your fellow churchmen that such outward forms and ceremonies count as nothing compared with sincerity of heart and charity towards all men.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. HOFFMAN,
Burleigh House, King's Lynn, Norfolk.

MADAM,—Having exiled yourself from your native America, you have decided to enliven English politics. As prospective Liberal candidate for North Norfolk, you declare that you are capable of making Mr. Noel Buxton, the sitting M.P., put an egg in his shoe and beat it "from Westminster." If your politics are as crude as your language you will forfeit your deposit. Personally, I think you would do best to "beat it" back to America, but if you must stay here, confine yourself to opening bazaars and hunting foxes, at both of which sports I hear you are adept.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. H. SPAHLINGER,
Kensington, London, W.

DEAR DR. SPAHLINGER,—As you are in London again, why not emerge from your modest Kensington retirement and pay a visit to the British Medical Association? There is a matter of £10,000 for you when you substantiate your claims to be able to cure tuberculosis. Don't stay too long over here, however, as you may find when you return to Switzerland that the authorities have paid your laboratories a visit. You know about the new law over there, of course, against secret remedies?

JOHN BULL.

Miss MERCEDES GLEITZE,
C/o The "Daily Express," Shoe Lane, E.C.4.

DEAR MERCEDES,—Your record doubtless entitles you to regard yourself as a public character. You are. Therefore, do not take offence if I mention a little matter to you. You engaged yourself to a man you had never seen. You saw him once and then decided that the rolling billows were to be your only love. Entirely your affair. In fact, so entirely your affair that second thoughts should have stayed your hand from posting a copy of your farewell love letter to the Press. Some things are not done, even by mermaids.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. HANNAH HOBBS,
Christchurch, Hampshire.

DEAR MRS. HOBBS,—You stole bread from a baker to quiet the hungry cry of your starving child. Charged with the theft before the Christchurch magistrates, you were discharged under the First Offenders Act. If ever a technical "crime" was guiltless, it was yours. The Recording Angel himself, like the magistrates, will have nothing but pity for a mother made desperate by the suffering of her little one.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. J. BURT, J.P.,
Bristol Police Court Magistrate.

YOUR WORSHIP,—When a soldier stood before you on New Year's Day, charged with drunkenness, you said: "I suppose at this time of the year you are feeling a bit merry and bright. You haven't been here before and you don't look like the sort of fellow who'd do this twice. It is the first of January. You are discharged." Spoken like a magistrate, sir! If there were more like you on the Bristol Bench there wouldn't be a periodical outcry in the city for a stipendiary.

JOHN BULL.

To General, The Hon. J. B. M. HERTZOG,
Prime Minister, Union of South Africa.

DEAR GENERAL,—At the last Imperial Conference the Union of South Africa received entire equality of status in the Empire with the United Kingdom, and you led us to believe that you and your Party were satisfied. Then the flag question turned up and you decided to make this a Party issue and a period of intense racial bitterness was the result. Your latest piece of statesmanship is the Commercial Treaty with Germany. Your one object in life appears to be to embitter Empire relations.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN,
Minister of Health, Whitehall, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—You are one of the three men of brains in the moribund Party which you adorn. As Minister of Health your work has placed you in a class by yourself. But I beg to draw your attention to the appalling fact that there are 10,000 young children of school age living in the general wards of poor houses, all mixed up with the feeble-minded, able-bodied and every other variety of human nature. Cannot De-rating wait a bit until you have tackled this tragic state of affairs?

JOHN BULL.

Count JOSEPH ERNEST DE SENNA
FERNANDEZ,
Portland Court, London, W.

DEAR COUNT,—You are a scallywag. Although you left your wife to live with another woman, who bore you two children, your wife has taken you back to share her £400 a year flat. When the woman, who trusted you, looked to you for maintenance for your two children, you refused until a magistrate made an order against you for £2 a week. You must be some of the scum which is boiled out of its native country and finds life less hot in a foreign land.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. G. STRATTON,
Chief Constable of Winchester.

DEAR MR. CHIEF,—One of your constables in a struggle at midnight with a burly fellow who was drunk and disorderly was assisted by a labourer. A few days later the labourer came up on an identical charge. You pleaded with the Bench that the prisoner was not really a bad lad and that he had had a night out with some of his old war comrades. You reminded the magistrates of the man's previous service to the police and got him discharged. That's the spirit I like about the Force.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. MACKENZIE KING,
Houses of Parliament, Ottawa, Canada.

DEAR SIR,—Congratulations on your re-discovery of the penny stamp! By restoring penny postage between Canada and all parts of the British Empire, you have shown Mr. Churchill the way to gain at least a little popularity before the General Election descends on him. Our Post Office estimates that a return to penny postage would increase the number of packets passed through the mails by 300,000,000 a year; yet Mr. Churchill still stands shivering on the brink, afraid to make the change. Send him a message of encouragement, and perhaps he will take the plunge.

JOHN BULL.



Sir FELIX POLE,
Paddington Station, London, W.

DEAR SIR FELIX,—You have destroyed my belief that railway managements slumbered in peaceful ignorance of modern needs. Your £1,000,000 combine between the Great Western Railway and the National Omnibus Company is sound industrial statesmanship. In future the two concerns will co-operate instead of trying to cut each other's throats. This is a move to straighten out our present transport tangle and to put our communications on a common-sense profit-earning basis. The other railways are bilious with envy and are falling over one another in their hurry to overtake the lead which you have given them.

JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder:

SIR GEORGE GARDEN: "It seems to be the unanimous opinion that the one thing Canada wants is people." And the one thing people want is to be assured of a living when they get there.

MR. A. E. WOOD: "Our order to the Lanks will be 'hands off the cotton industry.'" A better would be "all hands to the pump" to help the cotton industry.

BISHOP OF DURHAM: "The establishment is morally discredited beyond recovery." Then scrap it and concentrate on what the establishment stands for.

LORD LONDONDEBERRY: "The Liberal Party is like the clown at the circus." In a circus mainly composed of clowns.

MR. W. P. FORBES: "Progress and decay always travel side by side." So long as good progresses and evil decays there's no need to grumble.

You don't want

2 more of these—



but you do want

**2 more cigarettes
for your 6^d**



That means 'Plus Two.'

They are 12 (not 10) for 6d. The same size, the same quality, as the ordinary 10 for 6d. cigarettes. But no pictures, no fancy wrappings, no coupons. That's how it's done!

**The 'Plus Two' man
gets two more!**

'PLUS TWO'

CIGARETTES

**12 for
6^d**

*Full size, length,
weight & quality*

**24 for
1^{/-}**

Are You a 'Plus Two' Man?



JANUARY 12, 1929

The Truth About Things—by the Editor

THE CRIME of CONFISCATED ALLOTMENTS

Scandal of Evictions

FOR over a year the figures for unemployment have been steadily mounting. At present there are approximately 1,350,000 unemployed, over 250,000 more than in October, 1927.

Prominent in this great army of unemployed are 100,000 miners, and they and their families are suffering intensely. We have all been talking of peace and good will, but the phrase is a mockery to a hungry man, woman or child.

In villages in the Rhondda district, such as Brynawr, Blaina and Abertillery, numbers of miners have been compelled to give up their allotments, either because they cannot afford to pay the rent or because they have no money to purchase seeds.

Why cannot the unemployed be provided with allotments rent free?

A 20-rod plot of land would provide five persons with all the vegetables required throughout the year. The need is urgent, and the Government could surely act in the areas where the distress is appalling as in South Wales.

THE decline of the allotment movement since 1918 is nothing less than a national calamity. Over 1,000,000 men have been dispossessed since that date.

Each of these men could raise £7 worth of food on a 10-rod plot, and the loss in home food supplies due to their non-product runs into many millions sterling.

The sorry state of our prime industry—agriculture—at the present time is revealed by the fact that we export £1,000,000 worth of food produce daily, most of which could be produced at home! Millions of acres are uncultivated, so Nature grows weeds.

Though allotment-holders usually have the worst soil and of land to cultivate, they produce far more food

per acre than farmers, but are discouraged by unsympathetic public bodies, who lack vision.

Here are one or two instances which could be multiplied if space permitted:

In the summer of 1927, 450 allotment-holders were evicted in London because the land was required for a greyhound race-course. The compensation, in many instances, was as low as 5s. per man.

In another instance, in 1926, 100 men were dispossessed by the local authority because it was alleged that the land was needed for a public purpose. The public purpose petered out, and the land has been idle for two years.

WHEN will we learn a lesson from the Continent?

In Belgium, uncultivated land is almost unknown.

In Germany, fruit-trees grow by the roadsides, whilst Sweden is the allotment-holder's Utopia, 50,000 acres being under allotments.

Each man has an acre of ground, permanent security of tenure, and resides (by permission of the Government) with his family in a hut erected on the land, from April 1 to September 30. Could anything be more conducive to health?

In England, however, allotment-holders are haunted by the fear of the inevitable notice to quit, which they know will fall on them when least expected.

We have had legislation *ad nauseam*, but security of tenure is as far off as it was ten years ago.

Scripture tells us, "The Earth hath He given to the Sons of Men," but civilisation interprets it, "The Earth hath He given to a privileged few of the Sons of Men"; hence poverty and unemployment, which will remain so long as we refuse to utilise the basic source of all wealth—the land.

JOHN BULL



Mr. John H. Robson, President of the National Union of Allotment Holders, is the leader of the movement set on foot by the Society of Friends for helping unemployed miners to grow their own food.

THE SICK PHYSICIAN

THAT the London clergy are being asked by their Bishop to make next Sunday a "Housing Sunday" is good news.

It is time indeed that the nation had its conscience aroused on this question of the slums.

In his article in this issue the Bishop of London, talking of the slums, says: "Let us rise up and put an end to this evil once and for all."

He also says: "The Church stands for justice all round."

We are glad to hear it, and we commend to his lordship's earnest attention the case of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who draw a fat income each year from the rents of some of the most evil slums in London.

Not for the first time in the history of mankind has an added edge been put to that old saying, "Physician, heal thyself!"

The Human Machine

MAKE FRIENDS

ONE of the most precious things in the world is real friendship. The value of a friend who will stand by you through thick and thin cannot be estimated.

But friendship, like all precious things, must be well cared for. It does not do to leave it to look after itself.

It is astonishing how friends who think their friendship is unbreakable drift apart if neither makes the least attempt to keep the friendship warm.

Too many friendships are nothing but a mutual admiration society. They are not true friendships, for a real friend will never hesitate to blame and criticise if he thinks it necessary.

Whatever you do make real friends—and make an effort to keep them.

Life's greatest sadness is loneliness.



HIS UNBROKEN NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

STANLEY: "I am glad to say, gentlemen, that we have now turned our backs on excessive expenditure!"



Lord Weir, who in a recent letter to the "Times" urged British industry to realise its strength by eliminating its weaknesses. He, like so many others, now wants to give the young men their chance

THE GENERAL TOUCHES THE SPOT

Abolish the "Dole"!

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

THE other day, at a meeting of the British Legion in London to discuss unemployment, General Sir Ian Hamilton made a speech in which, in his usual blunt fashion, he told the naked truth.

"Give a man 30s. or £1 as a 'dole,'" he said, "and you lose everything—man, money and goods. Give him £3 or even £2 10s. a week as wages and he becomes a money spender.

"He buys celanese stockings for his wife and begins to employ others.

"Give half the unemployed work at £3 a week, and automatically the other half will find work for themselves.

"Give them the 'dole' and you lose everything. Why not let them earn at least part of their keep?"

Now I read this with great interest because it is the sort of sound sense I and others have been preaching in JOHN BULL for years.

Evidently the seed we sowed is beginning to sprout!

A firm's generous offer

I noticed, for instance, almost the same day that General Hamilton made his speech, that Messrs. Rowntrees in York had occasion to dismiss a certain number of employees.

They did not merely shoot them out on to the industrial rubbish heap. They offered, if any other firm in York would employ any of these people, to continue part of their wages.

It is beginning in fact to dawn on people at last that the real problem is not so much unemployment as non-production.

Unemployment can be met in some sort of temporary manner. You can hand out "doles" and "relief" and "charity"—and the man who has no work to do and no wages to draw need not actually starve.

But while you can keep him and his family alive you cannot by any amount of "doles" or "relief" make him into a producer. That is the trouble.

Co-operative policy

He is, through no fault of his own, a mere parasite. The community forces him into the position of consuming the products of others' labour without contributing anything at all himself.

The whole essence of the business surely is to increase purchases in the home market which means in its turn increased production, increased employment and increased wages.

Mr. A. V. Alexander, M.P., recently calculated that if the trade of the country were all run on the same lines as the co-operative stores, work could be found for at least another 600,000 men and that there would be a surplus of £200,000,000 a year for increased purchases in the home market.

I am not saying that Mr. Alexander is sound in his desire to see the whole country one vast co-operative movement, but it at least shows that the continuance of the "dole" is not any real

attempt to solve our difficulties. There are clearly other avenues worth exploring.

It is a hopeful sign that at last men and women are beginning to realise this, that at length these new ideas are beginning to be thought about and talked about.

Lord Weir, for instance, says bluntly that "we are paying foreigners to do work on which our own people should be effectively employed. All that is required is a new spirit of enterprise, confidence and capital."

And he goes on to plead for "a great national constructive effort towards a nation, even an Empire wide rejuvenation of our industries."

It can be done—of course it can be done. But it needs more than pious letters from the Prime Minister asking employers to take on a few extra men.

A change wanted

Employers, as well as salesmen, need a change of spirit and a change of outlook. Take as an example the worsted suiting manufacturers in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

In this industry the designing department is the one on which depends primarily the success of the fancy worsted and woollen industry. It is highly technical work.

Designers spring from two classes; first, from young men who have acquired knowledge of cloth construction in a lower capacity in the mill and supplemented it with training at technical school evening classes.

Secondly, from the sons of manufacturers or their friends, who have undergone the textile course at the Yorkshire College, Leeds.

When appointments are made, there is a hard-and-fast but iniquitous rule adhered to by the majority of employers.

The young man who is promoted out of the crowd is usually given a wage of from 50 per cent. to 100 per cent. above the average earned by male operatives, say, from £4 to £6 per week.

The young gentleman from college usually starts at about two or three hundred a year,

but, if he is efficient, rapidly rises to a thousand or thereabouts.

But, note, in every case it falls on the humbler man to instruct and correct the work of his college colleague.

Shrieking for help

The point, therefore, is this: The man whom the employers know to have been a common workman is kept down financially simply because it is considered he is well treated in being paid a pound or two more than his former workmates.

The results of this system are now apparent, and the worsted industry is shrieking for help.

In one firm alone, in the last few years many qualified designers from the working-class have left for highly paid posts in mills abroad.

One went to Sweden, one to Roubaix, two to Ontario, two to South America, one to Geelong, two to Russia, two to Ireland, one to India and two to the States.

Now, the very firms these men joined are the strongest competitors to the Yorkshire worsted trade, and there is nothing to stop them!

Further, operatives are easily trained and hundreds of Yorkshire people have been taken by foreign firms with British designers and foremen.

The manufacturers have presented foreign manufacturers with the only weapons that count—skilled British designers, and the result is short time and unemployment for the operatives.

The only remedy

Yet the textile trade can see no other remedy for its stupidities and its inefficiencies than "safeguarding" and the stopping of foreign orders.

Henry Ford said long ago that the only remedy for poverty was work. It is also, true though it may sound, the only remedy for unemployment.

It is beginning to look as though we are at least waking up to that truth.

TWELVE thousand men work in my factories, but not for me! They work with me—that is, we work together. They cannot do without me, nor I without them. The world-wide success of our business belongs as much to them as to me. Without their



Sir Herbert Austin, Chairman of the famous motor company

loyal work my business could never have reached to the ends of the earth.

A man who thinks he can build a great business without co-operation makes a big mistake. Only employers and workmen who realise that they are interdependent upon one another's best efforts, nothing less, will achieve any lasting success.

Industry must be looked upon as the finest game of life. A "works" is a team, and the greater the co-operative effort of all in it, the greater the victory. The harder the "works" team plays in industry, the higher the wages and profits.

THE FINEST

by SIR HERBERT AUSTIN

When men and employers work with one another, the employees realise the show is theirs as much as his, and therefore very little supervision is necessary, their loyalty being the lubricant of the firm's success.

MANY a factory has had to close down on account of the carelessness and dishonesty of the employees. There are still some men working for firms who get an idea in their minds that they will never be "found out." Their employers may never find them out, but the buying public does.

If the goods they buy are not up to advertised or standard value, sales drop immediately; and the fellow who thought he was "doing" his boss has "done" himself out of a job.

Men who are content to put only the second best into their work, when their employer sells his goods as best, are in reality making him sell lies, and no one can sell lies twice!

I take the broadest possible view of the human element in industry. Men are neither cog in a wheel nor are they pawns in the game.

WINNING WITHOUT ACES

It Pays to Lose!

by A. G. GARDINER

IF there is anybody who is entitled to read Mr. Parker Gilbert's report on the financial and economic conditions of Germany with a sardonic smile it is Mr. Norman Angell. I can imagine that profound and much-abused prophet looking up from the report and asking all the embattled asininites of the world, "What did I tell you?"

Of course he was not the first prophet to tell the aforesaid asininites that war as a commercial transaction is a fool's game, but no prophet before him ever lived to see his prophecy so triumphantly vindicated as he has done.

But before touching on the lessons to be drawn from Mr. Parker Gilbert's analysis, it is necessary to utter a note of warning.

All is not gold that glitters, and the apparent prosperity which he sees in Germany is subject to a heavy discount. If Germany has paid her vast indemnities punctually and is declared to be able to pay next year a sum of £125,000,000, it is because she has been able to borrow. In fact she has borrowed more than she has paid.

Revise reparations

But it is obvious that a nation, no more than an individual, cannot live permanently on borrowings. Sooner or later the crash must come and in order to avoid that crash the whole question of reparations must be put on a rational and final basis.

But when all allowance has been made for the superficiality of Mr. Parker Gilbert's survey the fact remains that the recovery of Germany is a marvellous portent.

It is a recovery accomplished in the face of unparalleled difficulties. No defeated country in history has ever been subjected to such severe penalties as Germany has had imposed upon her.

Apart from the payment of reparations of unprecedented magnitude, she has been stripped of valuable territory, coalfields in Silesia, iron-ores in the Saar Valley, every square mile of colonial possessions.

For two years her greatest industrial region, the Ruhr, was under French occupation.

I doubt whether any other people in Europe could have survived ten years of such an ordeal without collapsing into anarchism or falling a prey to the Bolshevism of Russia.

If all Western Europe has not succumbed to the Bolshevik virus, it is the stability of Germany we have to thank for that fact. She has stood like a sea wall against the impact of Russia.

Wonderful recovery

But the recovery of Germany is not only due to the avoidance of internal revolution. It is the result of many other factors.

In the first place, the very ruin of Germany helped to rehabilitate her. The collapse of the mark beggared everybody. But, in beggaring everybody, it wiped out the whole national debt.

What Germany lost on the swings, she gained on the roundabouts. The individual was ruined, but the nation was unencumbered. The people lost all their savings, but the nation was out of debt to itself.

The second factor in Germany's recovery is also directly due to the disaster that befell her. By the peace treaty of Versailles she was disarmed.

The object of the Allies in disarming her was not to promote her recovery, but to destroy her as a menace to the peace of Europe. But in disarming her we made her a present of at least one hundred millions sterling a year.

While this country is spending £125,000,000 in the maintenance of Army, Navy and Air Force, and while France is impoverishing herself by her tremendous military preparations of all sorts, Germany is forbidden to indulge in these extravagances.

She presents, for the first time in history, the spectacle of a great nation wholly unarmed, without the organised means of waging aggressive war or even defending herself against aggression.

She has the equivalent of the money which her neighbours spend on armaments for her own commerce and internal development.

To-day men know how to spend their leisure hours without too much outside suggestion or academic supervision.

In a similar way the discussion of industrial fatigue can be overdone. Working hard is far less fatiguing than slacking. An artisan who puts all his mental energy as well as his physical strength into his job, soon learns how to decrease unnecessary fatigue.

Elimination of fatigue depends upon the amount of common-sense mixed with the work. Everything should be done to ease hard and unnecessary fatigue, but nothing, on the other hand, to decrease the worker's individual responsibility. A man who refuses to pull his weight will not stop long in our works. Increased production, as a result of harder work, means that the price of our products in the open market can be reduced, and consequently the number of our orders is increased, bringing about the necessity to employ more men. This is the real way to help cure unemployment.

When men are hard at work for good wages and see the chances of unemployment and insecurity diminish on account of their wholehearted enterprise, industrial harmony, the reward of intelligent work, will then become an accomplished fact.

Mr. Parker Gilbert, Agent-General of Reparations, who calls the recovery of Germany "an economic miracle." Why can't we who "won" the war achieve a similar miracle?



And she not only has the money. By being disarmed, the activities of her people are canalised into productive channels instead of unproductive.

While all the young manhood of France is passing through the barracks under the universal conscription law, the youth of Germany are free to turn their energies to civil life.

While the French youth is tramping the parade ground in useless manoeuvres, the German youth is working in the factory, on the farm, in the shop.

Great object-lesson

In a word, in disarming Germany we have given her a short cut to prosperity and the world (including ourselves) an object-lesson in one of the advantages of peace.

The third main factor in Germany's recovery is related to disarmament. Disarmament not only freed the wealth of the country and the youth of the country for productive purposes; it has freed the mind of the country from the preoccupations of war and armaments. It has enabled the whole genius and energies of the nation to be diverted to internal reconstruction and practical affairs.

The result is that while M. Poincaré has been piling up his mountains of armaments on the back of France on the amiable assumption that Germany, being disarmed, can always be compelled to pay for them, Germany has been carrying out the most tremendous revolution in industry that the world has ever seen.

There is no space here to deal with that revolution. I referred to it recently, and any enquirer can turn for fuller enlightenment to Mr. Walter Meakin's recently published book on the subject of the Rationalisation of Industry, especially as illustrated by the experience of Germany.

The meaning of this revolution is at last slowly penetrating the more intelligent minds engaged in British industry. On every hand, in the coal industry, in iron and steel, in cotton, there is a breath on the face of the waters—a breath that comes in part from Germany, in part from America.

Others please copy

Great changes, not merely in the modernising of industry, but in the relations of Capital and Labour, are afoot, changes which have in them, I believe, the seed of an immense revival and consolidation of our industrial position.

But we shall not reap the full fruits of that revival unless we recognise the great truth behind the recovery of Germany—the truth that the decisions of war are empty decisions, and that the ultimate victory is with the country that (whether willingly or unwillingly) is organised for peace.

Germany is organised for peace, and its revival is a miracle. Let other nations please copy.

AME IN LIFE

STIN, K.B.E.

They are individuals as the rest of us with exactly the same instincts, and by working *with* me know that every ounce of energy they put into the factories carries with it their personal responsibility.

Harmony in industry rests upon the human outlook. Both sides must visualise the other's part in the enterprise. This is not mere lip service to impossible ideals but hard fact.

THERE is a good deal of talk to-day about industrial welfare work to bring about better relations between employer and employed. This is excellent, but a "works" is not a social club and there ought to be a limit to mixing work and play. A splendid guiding principle is to pay a good wage for an honest day's work, and labour should have the one gospel, "Get all you earn and earn all you get."

Whilst one should do everything to make a factory as attractive as possible and allow a certain amount of vital welfare work, it is also politic to let the men do something for themselves.

All smoking affects the throat!

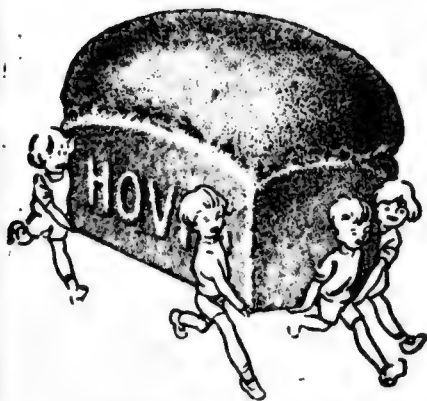
Pipe, cigar or cigarette—no matter which—the delicate membranes of the throat object to smoke, which eventually produces irritation, either mild or severe. To prevent this, take an "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastille occasionally between smokes and let it dissolve slowly in the mouth. Containing pure glycerine and the luscious fruit juice of ripe black currants, they are delightfully soothing.

Your Chemist Stocks them.

2 oz. 8d. 8 oz. 2/3
4 oz. 1/3 1 lb. 4/3

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Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

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HOVIS provides vital nourishment for building sturdy young bodies and growing frames. Give the children HOVIS because they like it and because it is so good for them.

HOVIS

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HOVIS LTD., LONDON, BRISTOL, NACLESFIELD, ETC.

PUSHED OFF THE KERB!

Harrying 'Arry and 'Arriet

by W. WATSON



W. Watson, Secretary of the Street Traders' and Market Workers' Protection Association

A YEAR ago JOHN BULL felt constrained to ask the pertinent question, "Who killed the costermonger?"

It was thought at the time that that pantomime Act of Parliament, the General Powers Act, L.C.C., which contained powers relative to the licensing of street traders, had just about finished him off!

But the truth is that the costermonger lives on, a faint shadow of his former self, crippled and perplexed by legislation that is as ludicrous to those who do not suffer by it as it is serious to those who do.

Thoughtless Act

I am convinced that the millions of Londoners who buy cheap and wholesome produce from street traders are totally unaware of the callous manner in which this thoughtless Act is being exploited by the twenty-eight borough councils in the L.C.C. area.

In the first place, all street traders must apply at the various town-halls, and there fill up application forms and deposit fees of 5s. for licences.

They are also called upon to agree to pay the councils any such charges as they care to impose for the clearing-up of rubbish and other services, such charges varying from 2s. to 6s. weekly.

Now, in point of fact, only about 10 per cent. of the various stalls create any rubbish or litter, and the charges, therefore, provide a nice little nest-egg for the council concerned.

This, on the surface, may not appear to be very serious, but when it is realised that there are over 300 recognised markets in the twenty-eight boroughs, and roughly over 200,000 persons who rely on street trading for a livelihood, it can be readily understood why the L.C.C. was eager to have this Act on the Statute Book.

Untold hardship

As an example of the large income derived by certain borough councils in this way, I might mention the fact that the Finsbury Borough Council, would if all the traders paid up promptly, receive £7,000 annually. And that is only one example.

Many street traders, however, owing to a variety of causes, such as bad weather, bad business or damage to goods, find themselves in the debt of the various councils, and they then receive a letter demanding immediate payment, in default of which their licences will be revoked.

Thousands of licences have already been revoked in this way, with resultant hardships. I know of men who had no Christmas dinner owing to this Act. Without the Act they would have had one. I

suffering. I know why they are suffering. I know how that suffering could be ended.

I well remember the time when the good old London costermonger got up at four o'clock in the morning to go to Covent Garden or Spitalfields Markets to buy his stock of fruit, greens and spuds, etc., and then, with a heavily laden barrow, push or pull several miles. And they worked eighteen or nineteen hours a day, in all weathers.

And they expect these workers to grasp the intricacies of the law!

Licensing anomalies

Councils have their town clerks—men with a profound knowledge of the law—who are never at a loss to make the most of the Act which was made at the expense of the men who made it possible for the Act to be made.

The idiocy of the Act is confirmed by the very fact that the powers—that be that enforce it are themselves law-breakers. They consider that they break the law technically, but the poor street-trader, however he breaks it, breaks it otherwise.

And how do the powers—that be break the law? Why in Stepney and Bethnal Green the responsible authorities grant Sunday licences for street trading, which is a direct contravention of the Lord's Day Observance Act, which has not yet been repealed.

Other councils grant seven-day street-trading licences, which embrace Sunday, therefore also breaking the Lord's Day Observance Act.

While struggling with this out-of-date measure of 1677 (in the time of Charles II.), this pantomime Act of 1927 arrives to make a bigger mess than ever.

A sensible magistrate

In Stepney you can sell in the streets on Sunday and flout the Lord's Day Observance Act with impunity. In Holborn if you sell on a Sunday you get a summons!

So it all means this: Some of the borough councils have it both ways, and the costermonger frequently does not know where he is.

As Mr. Clarke Hall, the Old Street magistrate, admitted to me in court, the whole of the thing is in a state of chaos.

The magistrate has frequently refused to convict in cases where the livelihood of street workers is endangered by this pantomime Act, and his fairness and consideration to the men are deeply appreciated.

It is a pity that his fair, common-sense attitude is not more generally adopted.

Who killed the costermonger? Nobody; he's still alive and kicking—kicking against an inquisition. Shall he kick in vain? L.C.C., or L-icking the C-ostermonger's C-ause!

know of children who had no dinner either—not only on Christmas Day, but on other days.

Borough councillors don't wear their shoe-leather out tramping round looking for the truth. Most of them wear their tongues out looking for something to justify their policy. If they can see it, then they must be honour-blind!

Heavy penalties

It is an offence under the Act to trade without a licence, and any person trading without one is liable to a fine of £5, with the addition of £2 for each and every day during which he has so traded.

Also he is liable to pay the costs of the presence at court of the borough council's solicitor and the market inspector, which means, of course, that he may be asked to pay anything up to £10.

It is doubtful if even 5 per cent. of the street traders have ever had a "loose tenner" in the whole of their life-time. If ever they had, they spent it on food and necessities for the "wife and kids" who needed it—and could do with it now, too.

I know what I am talking about. I have had forty years of street trading. I am fifty-seven years of age—and I may have some more. I know what fellow-traders are

WHAT IS "JOHN BULL'S" GREAT SURPRISE?



Will tell you a little more next week.

C.I.D. IMPOSTOR'S AUDACIOUS Fetch Pickford Back! FRAUDS

THE only time when Thomas Pickford ceases to be one of the cleverest and most colourful crooks in England is when he is abroad.

The only time when the police cease to trail him is when he is in jail.

Pickford has an international reputation as a brazen adventurer, and his adventures invariably prove expensive for someone. His cunning is only rivalled by his coolness.

It is ironic that in most of his crimes he poses as a police officer. Not an ordinary constable, of course, for Pickford never was a man to do things by halves.

It is in the guise of a highly-placed official at Scotland Yard that he has operated both in this country and abroad.

There have been times when he has condescended to be a mere sergeant in the Criminal Investigation Department, but he prefers the rank of inspector!

A wide net

It was JOHN BULL that gave Pickford the first big shock of his career as a "sleuth."

This was in June of last year. We discovered that the wily gentleman was swindling shopkeepers and others in such an audacious manner and on such an extravagant scale that we devoted half a page of our space to an account of his adventures, coupled with a suggestion that his exploits should be brought to a speedy termination by the police.

The wide net of the law was spread for him. The newspapers issued a general warning and generally it looked very much as though Pickford would quickly find himself in the dock.

But the scoundrel never lost his head. With the police of the whole country on his trail, with his picture and description widely circulated, he calmly packed his bag and, in his own name, quietly set sail for Canada!

In this country he was speedily "posted" as a much-wanted man, and the eagle eyes of the Dominion police were kept wide open awaiting his first slip.

Just too late

Pickford speedily got busy. Posing as an officer of the Toronto Police Intelligence Service he attempted to obtain £50 by fraud, was caught red-handed and brought before the court.

Unfortunately, a detailed record of his career of crime in this country reached Toronto from Scotland Yard too late, and Pickford escaped with a comparatively lenient sentence of six months, which he is now serving.

Had the information from the Yard arrived in time it is extremely probable that he would have been sentenced to a lengthy spell in a Canadian penitentiary.

As it is, we suggest that Scotland

Yard takes immediate steps to have Pickford brought to this country after his release. He should be properly tried for his full list of offences and given the punishment he merits.

Any loss of prestige that the police may have suffered through allowing him to slip so easily out of the country last year could be mitigated in this manner.

Crooks of nothing like the calibre



Thomas Pickford

of Pickford have been brought home from the other side of the world to face a jury of their countrymen, and the comparatively small expenditure that would be incurred in bringing Pickford home would be perfectly justified.

Swindled shopkeepers

The base frauds he perpetrated on hard-working shopkeepers who could ill-afford to lose the money certainly savoured of the romantic, but they were none the less mean and despicable for all that.

The losses of these shopkeepers ran into thousands of pounds. That he posed as a member of an honourable force is an additional reason why he should be made an example of as soon as possible.

We happen to know something of his record. In his own name and in the aliases of White and Fisher, he has been convicted many times in the last quarter of a century.

He once served a long term of five years' penal servitude for cheque frauds on a large scale.

It is interesting to learn from Canada that, even at the time when they were unaware of his lurid past,



FOUR ROUND FIGURES!

Four "Bullets" cheques for good round figures await you this week. Hurry up for the £300, £200, £150 and £100 offered on page 35.

the Canadian police had come to regard him as one of the most resourceful and accomplished criminals who had engaged their attention for a decade.

Although the maximum penalty for posing as a police-officer is only £10, we agree with Mr. Mead, the Metropolitan magistrate, that it ought to be considerably more than this figure.

That offence alone is bad enough, but when in that guise a man like Pickford embarks on a career of wholesale fraud, only a long term of imprisonment can act as a deterrent.

Weekly hauls

Pickford, who is a man approaching fifty years of age, and who is a native of Leeds, has no difficulty in passing as a police officer. Apart from his confidence in himself, his appearance is helpful.

Upright, neatly dressed, with a perfectly drilled moustache, he is typical of the detective of the older school. "Inspector Thomas Pickford," "Sergeant Alfred Carter," and "Detective Fisher" were but a few of the titles he assumed.

He operated, among other places, in Oldham, Watford, Hull, Leeds, Northampton and Bradford, and his weekly hauls were always of a formidable nature.

He did exceptionally well at Liverpool, the very city from which he sailed so calmly to Canada.

His method was to enter a shop in his smart, efficient way, and ask curtly for an interview with the proprietor or manager.

Then, in his gruff and officious manner, he would explain that he was personally superintending investigations up and down the country regarding a powerful gang of counterfeiters whose ramifications had long baffled the authorities.

He would speedily induce the shopkeeper to believe that the police were not only endeavouring to bring the ringleaders to book without delay, but were also eager to protect the personal interests of traders.

Bring him back!

Then, having gained the complete confidence of the shopkeeper, the "inspector" would request him to hand over the full contents of his till, in order that he could convey the notes to the local police headquarters to be examined.

In every case, of course, he gave an "official" receipt for the money, signed in his "official capacity" in the "C.I.D." That was the last that was seen of him.

We trust, however, that some of his victims may soon see him again in a British dock. We are certain that Canada will be only too glad to be rid of him.

If only to prove that the name of an honourable force must not be taken in vain, Scotland Yard must act.



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of Manikin
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Manikins are pure Tobacco, rolled from the delicate tip leaves—A new and delightful experience to the few who have never tried them.

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10d. buys 5—Your tobacconist
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5 FOR 10^d
All Tobacconists
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TIN SOLDIERS of MISFORTUNE

A Sorry Partnership Scheme

WE thought that we stopped the march of the tin soldiers of misfortune a year ago!

We imagined that when we had revealed how ex-Service men were being duped by a home-work scheme for the making toy warriors that that was the last we should have to say about a dubious concern known as the Cathedral Traders, of 26, College Lane, Liverpool.

By artfully worded advertisements Cathedral Traders induced credulous people, anxious to make a little money by profitable "home work," to invest £1 in an outfit consisting of "one patent casting mould, one box of eight non-poisonous paints (with brushes) and one ladle for pouring out the lead."

Poor profits

With this "outfit" the "home worker" was supposed to fashion toy soldiers with the aid of lead that could be purchased from the firm which, in its turn, agreed to buy the soldiers when completed.

The truth was, of course, that there was little margin of profit.

Although, following our exposure, there was a temporary "retreat"

on the part of those in command, we again find ourselves concerned with a toy soldier ramp.

It happened that some little while ago Mr. Louis Charles Routledge, a ship's steward, of Grecian Street, Seaforth, Liverpool, decided that he would like a shore job.

He accordingly replied to an advertisement offering a partnership to one willing to invest £75.

There was to be a weekly salary of £3, with a share in the profits.

The advertisement was inserted by an agent in Liverpool, by whom he was introduced to a Mr. Leslie Rackham, who stated that he was anxious to find a partner with whom to take over the Cathedral Traders.

The new concern was to be called the Provincial Toy Company, the object of which would be to provide home employment.

German moulds for the making of lead soldiers and other toys would be supplied at a price to applicants, such toys to be bought by the company. A similar scheme, in fact, to that exposed by us last year.

The agent explained that the concern had made a profit of £250 in six months and it was announced that Rackham was to contribute the

goodwill of the old business, with £30 in cash, to the new venture.

An agreement was signed. For four weeks Routledge received his salary of £3, but no business was done and, at the end of the fourth week Rackham informed him that there was no money left.

Sad climax

He was faced with the alternative of taking over the "business" or accepting £20 to end the partnership. He chose the cash, but never received it.

Later he was induced to invest another £14 and become a partner again. With no business being done, and having received only two small amounts of money as salary, he finally left the concern in disgust and with his savings totally gone.

This is not the only "partner" Rackham duped in this way. He also owes money in Liverpool to tradesmen and others. He has now disappeared, leaving his wife without news of his whereabouts.

We trust that the police will take the necessary steps to ensure that the march of the tin soldiers of misfortune is now definitely at an end.

The Sentence of the Court



A HAUGHTY HUNTRESS

Riding
for a
Fall

GAZING round the court with the air of a lady who had dropped in to do a little slumming and was languidly interested in her novel surroundings, Viscountess Ipswich pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of exceeding the speed limit.

"Members of the class to which the accused belongs make rather a habit of ignoring the speed limit," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "and many of them have lately shown an equal disregard for the speed limit, by refusing to confine their equestrian exercises to the roadway."

"Summoned for riding a horse on the footpath when she was returning from hunting, the Viscountess did not honour the court with her presence, but sent the Bench a letter announcing that she was fully aware that she was breaking the law, but she did not choose to risk breaking my limbs or the limbs of the valuable horse I was riding" on a road which she considered "suitable for motor traffic only."

"Precisely what risk she ran by keeping to the highway used by plebeian horse-drawn vehicles is not altogether clear.

"But: apparently she did not

devote profound thought to the risks to which such lowly persons as pedestrians are subjected by those hunting people who are becoming steadily more addicted to the habit of regarding the public footpath as a semi-private riding track."

Mr. Strawsplitter said that what the Viscountess had done was intended as a public protest. As she had pointed out in her letter, she considers it "grossly unfair" that hunting folk, "who pay rates and taxes to have the roads kept up," are not better provided for.

"I am sure we are deeply grateful for her ladyship's august opinion, said Mr. Justice Bull; "but quite a number of pedestrians also pay rates and taxes. Also, I do not doubt that the Viscountess devotes some of her abundant leisure to motoring and would soon complain if roads were not kept 'suitable for motor traffic.'"

"It is time these leaders of leisured lives realised that they cannot have things all ways. Too many of them seem to think that they are

entitled to ignore the rights of other road users when motoring, trespass on agricultural land when hunting, and menace the safety of pedestrians when riding to and from their arduous pleasures.

"Yet they themselves are the first to assert their rights, warn intruders off their land, and behave on the absurd assumption that a far-seeing Providence intended that the sleek should inherit the earth."

"It is one thing to make a dignified protest and quite another to ride a hunting hack through an Act of Parliament."

"If blue-blooded offenders claim the right to ride on the footpath because the authorities have not supplied special tan tracks throughout the hunting counties

Others may claim the right to doss at country manors because the authorities have failed to provide homes for heroes."

"In indulging a whim for law-breaking simply because she can afford to pay a fine, this lady was guilty of an insidious form of highway snobbery."

"I must direct that both her hunting crop and her fountain-pen be confiscated and that she be forbidden to ride the high horse for a period of twelve hunting months."



Always keep a bottle of Calloway's by you ready at first sign to effectively deal with any cough or cold. It cures quickly and averts serious illnesses into which neglected colds may develop. Safe and pleasant to take—children love it.

Unsolicited Testimony.

Mrs. Eastwood, of 145, Thanet House, Thanet Street, King's Cross, W.O.1, writes: "My little girl contracted a very bad cough, and I thought she was in for a bad illness. A bottle of 'GALLOWAY'S' relieved her at once, and in a week she was quite herself again. I shall recommend this splendid remedy wherever I can."

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MYSTERY NOTICE

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THURSDAY, JAN. 31st

Words Winged to Women



by
MABEL
HORNER

THE OPTIMISTS' CLUB

An Odds-On Handicap

OPENING letters in January is a great joy. Right on through the month greetings pour in from readers in all parts of the world. Wishes for health, strength and good luck fly thick. How pleasant it is!

The New Year breaks the silence that hangs like an invisible veil between writer and readers. We see into each other's hearts for a space and realise we are friends. JOHN BULL, I find, is eagerly awaited each week by women in many a lonely outpost of Empire.

"It keeps me in touch with the world events," writes a woman from the British West Indies. "It is always well read by all of us here, generally from cover to cover, including advertisements well."

Men also are among my readers.

The first greeting-card I received this year came from an out-of-work docker; a last from a war victim who is almost blind, but who with his one sound eye managed to prepare and send a greeting. The last, but not the least by any means.

For this year I have made a great discovery: there is a kind of fellowship, call it a "club," among JOHN BULL readers. Courage is their watchword and optimism their guiding star.

All the members stand on common ground. All suffer from some sort of physical disability that handicaps them in the common walks of life. Many are cripples. They are of both sexes, and several have asked for a special article personal to themselves.

"Give a word of encouragement," they read, "to those of us who are out of the running. Can't you give us a lift up who are struggling to catch the real beauty of life?"

Infectious optimism

I will write; but only that those of us who are well and strong and in possession of all our faculties may hide our heads if we ever feel inclined to grumble again!

What "uplift" do these brave souls need whose own optimism is so cheery and infectious? They accomplish wonders that put the best of us to shame.

Robert J. Haswell is a typical member of my "Club of Optimists." He is a miner who suffered a severe accident in the pits. When he recovered he found his hearing had been destroyed.

Those of us who move and work in a busy hum can hardly realise what it means suddenly to find every human sound shut off.

Robert Haswell realised it vividly. As the walls of silence grew about him he sensed the coming of loneliness. He could never again hear the murmuring of the brooks in spring, the happy songs of birds, nor the rustle of the wind among the leaves.

The thousand voices of Nature that bring life and relief to the miner after the dark gloom of the pit were dead to him. Gone for ever were the gay voices of little children. His friends henceforth could converse only by signs.

But Robert Haswell did not give way to despair. He began to readjust his life to these new conditions

With this spirit Mr. Haswell looked his difficulties in the face and saw what they were, which is always the first step to conquering.

"I saw," he says, "that henceforth my chief enjoyment must be in the kingdom of the mind. Another man I knew who was also stone deaf yet managed to live a useful and radiant life. I would do likewise."

"I set about fighting for knowledge as some men fight for bread. I have surrounded myself with books. The doctors tell me the accident has left my heart very weak, another reason why I should revel in quiet pursuits."

"I read in all my spare time. I am striving for an all-round culture, so I read fiction, economics, biography, travel and essays. To-day my library numbers 700 books, and this though I have never, in all my life, earned more than 30s. a week."

Now I think you will understand why I have quoted from Mr. Haswell at length. He is a standing witness to the im-

perishable truth that where there is a will there is a way. Thirty shillings a week! and yet a cultured man surrounded by his shelves of hundreds of books.

What a rebuke to all who think education and happiness dependent upon material wealth or physical fitness.

Handicapped lives

Others in this fellowship of optimists are women; still others are youths and girls. Some are struggling against great odds to keep a widowed mother, others acting as mother themselves to a family of younger children where the father has been bereft.

I reply that such greetings are enough to flood the darkest day with sunshine. These handicapped lives are doing a fine work in the world, for they are showing how every difficulty can be surmounted by these splendid twins—optimism and courage.

If we all adopt them we shall make every month of 1929 a success.

Homely Wisdom

SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT

by The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

LATELY I happened to pick up a book, whose title and author's name I forget, and opened it at the words, "That cruel hour before the dawn when men see themselves and their failures at their worst."

Sir Oliver Lodge states in one of his more recent books that perhaps we anticipate the Day of Judgment to some extent in what we see of ourselves and our record when lying awake in the night.

He suggests that at such a time, when vitality is low and we cannot sleep, our despondent and self-reproachful thoughts are but the foretaste of an experience we may have to go through when we come to look back on this life after we have done with it.

It seems to me quite likely that he may be right. I cannot imagine a Day of Judgment of a different sort. Whatever God's verdict may be upon the life I am living now, I am sure it will be my own verdict too. We shall be our own judges when, as the Bible says, the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

In the life to come we shall individually see ourselves exactly as we are, and for some people that will be a sufficiently uncomfortable hell.

We shall see with pitiless clearness where we have gone wrong, the evil we have done, the good we have left undone, and the harm we have wrought.

"Women Who Change History." See "The People," next Sunday.



Sir Oliver Lodge

in other lives. Shall we need a severer punishment?

But I would earnestly warn every reader of these words against wasting time in unavailing remorse now.

Don't trust "that cruel hour before the dawn," for it is apt to distort the truth about yourself and your prospects.

IT does more than set conscience condemning you: it paints to-morrow in false colours, generally dark ones.

It takes heart and hope out of you, tells you what a fool you've been in this or that, compels you to look back with bitter regret and forward with fear and gloom.

Things are never really as bad as this. A man may feel suicidal in the night, and at ten o'clock the next morning be full of renewed courage and faith.

Don't hearken to the liar of the night when you are alone and pondering in the dark. He will undermine your manhood if you listen to him, weaken your will, dissipate your purposes, drive you to self-despair.

RESOLVES made at such an hour are seldom good resolves. Wait for the daylight before taking fateful decisions.

While God gives life He gives opportunity; that is what life is for. A new day is a new call to fight and win.

Every day is a fresh beginning. Every morn is the world made new. You who are weary of sorrow and sinning, Here is a beautiful hope for you, A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over, The tasks are done and the tears are shed;

Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover; Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled

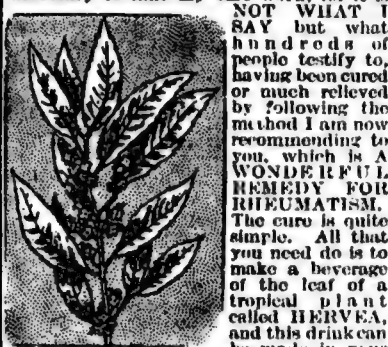
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Let them go, for we cannot relieve them, Cannot undo and cannot atone; God in His mercy receive and forgive them;

Only the new days are our own, To-day is ours and to-day alone

"GOOD-BYE TO RHEUMATISM"

By drinking a beverage you can make from a Wonderful Tropical Plant which expels Uric Acid Poisons by natural means. Drugs and Medicines unnecessary. You can say "a long good-bye" to rheumatism if you do as I tell you. And without taking drugs or medicines. It is not necessary to take my bare word, for it is



NOT WHAT I SAY but what hundreds of people testify to, having been cured or much relieved by following the method I am now recommending to you, which is A WONDERFUL REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM. The cure is quite simple. All that you need do is to make a beverage of the leaf of a tropical plant called HERVEA, and this drink can be made in your

own home as easily as ordinary "tea." The BENEFIT IS FELT AT ONCE, and becomes more marked day by day. The proofs are that every morning's post brings me letters of praise. For example, a well-known Scottish Poetess, Lady E. very recently wrote me: "People who have been with a severe case in me (this lady had been crippled for several years through Rheumatism) that I have had to give away one of the packets, and I am now sending for more." I particularly ask you to write to me if you have tried numerous things for rheumatism without result, and when all such remedies have failed. I am just an ordinary "business man," not a vendor of patent medicines, and without degrading other preparations, I do feel from my own personal experience that the product now offered is MOST EFFECTIVE FOR RHEUMATISM.

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GIVES LASTING RELIEF

Take this drink (which is quite agreeable) in the morning, and it PREVENTS THE ACCUMULATION of further acid deposits in the system. This is what the whole category of Gout and Rheumatic Remedies fail to do, although they may relieve for the time being. What it did for me in a few weeks, after years of suffering, it will do for you if you will give it a fair trial. If you care to send me your name and address and a stamp to cover postage, I will post you a testing package Free of Charge, and if you feel you are getting benefit I will supply a further quantity at a small charge. Address:

Mr. H. LEE, Colonial Importer, (Dept. 164a), 3, Alfred Place, London, W.C.1

N.B.—As the selling of this product is distinct from my regular business, please mark your envelope "HERVEA" in the left-hand corner and possible delay will be avoided.

P.S. Apart from RHEUMATISM I have been told in letters from numerous people that they have found Hervea splendid for INDIGESTION, "NERVES," SLEEPLESSNESS, CONSTIPATION, SLUGGISH LIVER, and STOMACH TROUBLES. (If you suffer from ANY OF THE ABOVE DISORDERS, SEND FOR A SAMPLE.)

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Thousands of sufferers from this distressing disability and agonising ailment have derived signal benefit from the use of Holloway's Pills and Ointment. If you wish for more precise information, send a postcard for the special H.P. booklet to:

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Holloway's Pills and Ointment sold by all Chemists and Stores, prices 1/3, 3/6, and 5/6. Full directions with each packet.

HEALTHY LEGS FOR ALL!

Great New Discovery.



Mrs. Teale.

**Suffered for 28 Years!
Cured in 4 Months!**

"I am more than grateful for the benefit I have received from Elasto Treatment, as I have suffered for 28 years with Varicose Veins and Varicose Ulcers. I only wish that thousands of other sufferers could realise as I have done, how wonderful Elasto is. I was in bed, a hopeless case, when I got my first month's treatment, and can honestly say I was going about three days after much to everybody's surprise. . . I owe my life to Elasto. I am now, after four months' treatment, as well and as happy as the day is long. You can use both my photo and my name as publicly as you please, as it is the only way I can show my gratitude for the wonderful cure."

(Signed) Mrs. Teale, 9, Croydon Terrace, Holbeck, Leeds.

What is Elasto?

Elasto is the wonderful new treatment that cures through the blood, at the same time improving the general health and increasing vitality.

It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly, and the most effective treatment ever devised.

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Elasto Cures Through the Blood!

The Home Forum—Conducted by MABEL HORNER

WHY BULLY THE BABY?

Honour is a trait that can easily be developed—or easily killed

WHEN baby comes," is the preface to endless plans made by young married people. Young mothers take a serious view of their duties to-day. They bring science to bear on problems of feeding, clothing and sleeping, and are generally willing to re-organise the whole of their household affairs to suit his majesty the baby.

How well they succeed is shown by the general high level of infant welfare and the steady lowering of the infant death-rate. But very often the young mother who has a sure method with the physical life of her child is less certain when it comes to intangible things, such as training in truth-speaking.

Most little children are simple and direct by nature. They are very quick to sense injustice and inconsistency, and that makes it fatal to break faith with a child. If a promise is made to a little child it must be kept.

NEEDLESS to say, a little child should never be threatened, for it knows instinctively that harsh threats of "what it will get" if it is not good will not be kept. Good mothers never make such threats. They keep faith with their little ones and only promise what they are reasonably certain of being able to perform.

If often comes with a great shock to such mothers when they find their children telling small lies on their own account. One young mother was dreadfully hurt

Women in the Limelight

FIGHTING against WAR

AT this very moment women from all over the world are meeting in Frankfurt-on-Main. They have gathered from Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Sweden, Switzerland and the United States of America. Youth is well represented.

Many of the delegates are mere girls. Indeed, it is the young women, those whose married life and children are dreams of the future, who are the keenest listeners and participants there.

These women from all over the world have invited the world's greatest scientists to meet them at Frankfurt-on-Main and the men have responded.

The scientists are telling the women all about the destructive potentialities of modern warfare; how science is being used to make war more terrible, and the futility of any methods of protection.

The scientists this week are telling the world's women in plain, unemotional terms that if war is allowed to "break out" again the whole of a nation, irrespective of age or sex, will be involved.

After learning the facts, Dr. Lydia De Vilbiss each woman will return to her country to arouse other women to concern themselves actively in the problems of peace and disarmament.

To help in this Dr. Lydia Allen De Vilbiss has composed an international anthem. For she believes that the nations will not have peace if the peoples are always singing about war.

when her tiny girl ran to another member of the household and said, "Mummy had sent her to be dressed up all pretty in her best clothes; she was going to be taken to see grannie."

Hands and face were submitted to be washed without a murmur, curls were brushed and best clothes put on.

But when the mite all decked out and dancing with glee found that instead of the hoped-for journey she was met by punishment for "telling naughty stories" there was a terrible storm. Real harm instead of good was done.

The little one was innocent of lying. She wanted to go and see her grannie, and as dressing-up had always been a



The Rev. Dick Sheppard

preliminary, she took this method to try and gain her wish.

Childish romancing does not mean either untruth or deceit, and the young mother who wants to encourage truth in her child will discriminate.

"Truth," said the Rev. "Dick" Sheppard the other day, "is a rare thing, a shining flame of beauty." I think he meant that truth is rare as a precious jewel is rare, something fine to be striven after.

FOR, after all, there is more truth than falsehood in the world, or our homes would never keep together. The whole of our life is built up on men and women honouring their word, doing what they are expected to do and keeping faith with one another.

It is this sort of honour and truth we want to develop in our children. We can do it by giving them small duties to perform and encouraging them to repeat small happenings.

If they say what is not true point it out as a "mistake" instead of calling it a "lie." Truth is a shining flame of beauty, but one that by rough handling in a little child may very easily be quenched.

A GOOD RECIPE

A WOMAN who decided from the moment of signing the wedding register that her marriage should be happy has given the secrets of her success. "My husband and I are happy as a result of observing three 'points,'" she declares.

First, there has been complete freedom from money troubles. This freedom has not come from lavish means. As a matter of fact, the man has often been out of work and they have never been well off. But they have stuck to their determination always to cut the coat according to the cloth. When lean times have come they have always had some savings to fall back upon.

The next essential decided on was mutual respect for each other's relatives. No talk about the disagreeableness of "in-laws" was allowed, and this secured the peace that is always broken when a lot of criticism of each other's folk sets in.

The third point was mutual tolerance. In their home the husband is better

educated than his wife and very artistic. He is even fond of poetry, which some wives would think a terrible bugbear if asked to listen to it being read aloud.

This wife does not. She tries to be interested, and when her husband writes verses listens to them with appreciation. In this way she is gradually reaching his level.

Added to this, both husband and wife realise the need for some reserves in their lives. Their happiness is based on mutual trust, so they do not try and pry too closely into each other's mental life.

A happy married life is more likely to be assured if neither party contrives to "rule" the other and if confidences are not forced. We all have some secret chamber in our hearts which even our nearest and dearest may not enter uninvited.

Women more than men are apt to overlook this fact. When they do they are inviting disaster.

ARE WOMEN REALLY FREE?

SPINSTERS to-day have a very gay time. They are free to go where they will, travel without chaperones and have men friends without occasioning any adverse comment.

There are many married women who envy this freedom with a passionate intensity that comes near to wrecking their own lives. They know only too well that the poison breath of scandal will soon be felt if they show any interest in any man outside their own family.

It is a long time since Edward Carpenter wrote "Love's Coming of Age," but the picture drawn there of stodgy married life still holds true.

The couple who have no interesting things to talk over with each other because neither ever holds conversation with a fresh personality of the opposite sex is a commonplace. There is no need to talk; each knows beforehand what the other thinks.

This state of affairs is not so secure a basis for fidelity as some people imagine. Sooner or later husband or wife meets a

more interesting personality, and if there is mutual attraction real trouble may set in.

It is far safer for both sides to keep in touch with other people and have their minds brightened and kept fresh by different contacts.

Men seldom object to this wider view. Women are the jealous sex. They always want to keep the beloved object strictly to themselves. They will even catechise a husband about whom he has met and to whom he has talked during the day. They are suspicious of any attractive woman.

Perhaps they are not altogether to blame, for the type of mind abounds that cannot endure to see a man and woman enjoying each other's company without thinking the worst.

The woman with a man friend should ask herself, "Should I object if my husband had a woman friend?" If not, and both are believers in mental freedom, then the scandal-monger may be ignored.



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Avoid sore, husky throats this winter by the use of Wrigley's. The pleasant antiseptic action of these delightful chewing sweets stimulates the flow of natural juices in the mouth. Thus the throat is gently but effectively cleansed—kept healthy and toned up to resist the effects of the weather.

In other ways, too, Wrigley's makes for good health. Taken after meals, it aids digestion, sweetens the breath, cleanses teeth and mouth as nothing else can. The act of chewing also soothes the nerves—as any doctor will tell you.

Keep fit this winter, with the help of Wrigley's. In two flavours—P.K., a true peppermint flavour—Spear-mint, a pure mint leaf flavour.

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From your chemist get 1 ounce of Par-mint (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it 1 pint of hot water and 4 ounces of soft sugar. Take one dessert-spoonful 4 times a day. At once you can feel this take hold, soothing the membranes and the air passages. Breathing becomes easier, nostrils open, and the cough stops. It is splendid, too, for bronchitis, hoarseness, or throat troubles. While this Par-mint prescription tastes good, is easy to make and costs little, it can be depended upon to stop a bad cough, break a cold, and even overcome influenza troubles quickly.

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If you have worked too hard, had unavoidable worries or indulged too freely in the good things of life, you are subject to the penalty that nature exacts from us all. You suffer from dry constipation that causes internal poisoning (called by Doctors Toxemia). Delayed bowel action causes more than 90 per cent. of the ills we are heir to, and makes those subject to it grow old long before their time. To enjoy good health and look young the bowels should be moved at least once daily. Karnoid Tablets, nature's remedy, is the prescription of a noted Physician and will accomplish this easily and surely and, unlike other laxatives, it has no constipating after-effects. They are pure and wholesome and gently yet thoroughly clean out the poisonous Toxemia germs from the system, leaving you bright-eyed, cheerful and full of new life and energy. Karnoid Tablets brighten the lives of both old and young and completely banish those tired nervous spells. They are a new, safe, gentle laxative for the entire family. Try them. You should enjoy good health and are entitled to it. Karnoid Tablets are sold and recommended by good chemists everywhere. 1/3 and 3/- a box.

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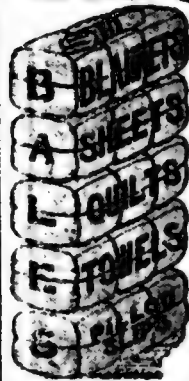
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How Would You Draw the

FANGS of a VILLAGE VIPER

who is Poisoning the Life of an
Innocent Woman?

MARRIED in 1915, my husband, on leave at the time, went back and served right through the war. After his demobilisation we lived, quite happily, together for five years.

Then, for what reason I have never discovered, he suddenly deserted me. I was left to all intents and purposes a widow, with three small children to keep.

Instead of wasting time in useless re- pinning, I set about trying to find work. In this I have been fairly successful, so much so that it has aroused the bitter jealousy of some. I do cleaning, cooking and such mending and making as comes in my way. I am a good shirtmaker.

Some of my clients are young men in lodgings; one is a widower. Naturally these, among others, sometimes call to fetch their work away.

This appears highly interesting to a woman who can see my house from her windows. She watches night and day. She has little else to do, for she is a war widow with a good pension. She has no children and poses as quite the lady.

For months past this woman has made my life a perfect misery through her tongue. Because at first I got a little relief for my children she called me "The Parish Pauper," and now I find others often refer to me by that name.

As I grew independent of relief she took a new line. She spreads it about that she knows how I get my living; the shirt-making is only a blind. If I appear on the road she calls vile names after me. I know only too well that if enough mud is thrown some will stick, so I took my case to court.

The woman was summoned and bound over to keep the peace, but it has made no difference. She goes on scandalising and spreading rumours, only a bit more secretly. I cannot afford further proceeding, so will you please be so kind as to tell me what I can do?

HUMANIST says: Ignore this woman. The one joy of a scandalmonger's life is to know she is causing pain and trouble. Do not give her this satisfaction, and when your disagreeable neighbour finds she cannot worry you she will tire of trying.

A Family Tangle

AS a tiny infant, I was adopted by an elderly couple who lived in the country. They had a family of their own, boys and girls, and they always told me that my mother was a lady in London, and if I was good I would one day be sent to her.

Meantime, my foster-parents' eldest daughter, who was married in London, was left a widow with three boys. The old folk added those orphans to their own brood and brought them up with me. As I grew older I heard hints and innuendoes that bewildered me.

Finally, villagers told me the truth, that I was simply the illegitimate first child of this widowed daughter.

I am now married, with a son of my own. Lately my son has begun to question me why was my maiden name different to his uncles', my brothers, since we all had the same mother.

It would be painful in the extreme to me to shadow his young life by telling him the truth, yet if I keep this secret some evil-disposed villager will delight in disclosing it. What shall I do?

HUMANIST says: It depends on the age of your son. If he is very young tell him nothing that will awaken premature curiosity about any facts of marriage. Tell him his question shall be answered when he is older as he is too young to

PROBLEMS of Life that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." For the three most poignant and perplexing human documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s. and 10/6. Send your problems along to "Humanist," with stamped, addressed envelope. Names and addresses are suppressed so that the writers cannot be identified.

understand now. If he is old enough to be told—tell him. It will save both you and him a lot of trouble later.

"As Ye Forgive"

I WAS left a widow with a small family, my dear husband coming home to die after serving in Gallipoli. After a few years I married again, but this second union was a dreadful failure from the very first.

My new husband was a brute who delighted in giving pain. He found he could hurt me worst through my children, and so, whenever he was in a rage, he "took it out" of them.

I was compelled to get a separation order. Since that was granted he has continually pestered me with requests to be taken back. He makes all sorts of promises to do better, but I have not yet answered one of his letters, as I have not a scrap of love or respect left for him.

Now my problem is this: Since living alone and working to earn my own living I have been trying to live a godly life. I have joined a chapel and I have been very happy.

But our minister is always saying, in sermons, you can't be good if you hate a person. You must forgive them and forget their faults.

Do you believe this, "Humanist"? And does this sort of forgiveness—namely, "forgiving as we hope to be forgiven"—mean that I must take my second husband back?

HUMANIST says: No. It is certainly necessary, in order to live a Christian life, to cherish a forgiving spirit. But this by no means implies obligation to live in close contact with those we find it impossible to get on with. Indeed, to do so, might continually provoke the most un-Christian outbursts, so it is best to keep apart.

Love and the Lady

TWO months ago, at a dance, I met a charming girl, with whom I fell over head and ears in love. I know that she returns my love for we have met on many occasions since.

We are, as you may say, "half" engaged, since we have never looked at anyone but each other since first we met. Yet I have said nothing definite.

I feel that this is causing her a good deal of bewilderment because, while I have made no secret of my fondness for her, I cannot ask her to become openly engaged as that would mean introducing her to my folk.

Here is the difficulty: My girl is in a much higher station of life than myself. Her parents are well off, live in quite a good way, and are able to give her everything she wants.

My parents—God help them!—are poor as church mice—in fact, through the shortage of decent little houses, they have

to live in two rooms in a very poor neighbourhood where the other tenants are deplorable.

I know her parents would not contemplate their daughter ever visiting in such a place, though dad and mum themselves are two of the best.

At present my sweetheart thinks our two families are more or less on a level, so what shall I do? Shall I leave her in the dark, hoping that matters may mend, shall I cool off before it is too late, or what shall I do?

HUMANIST says: Don't be a snob. Tell your sweetheart the truth about your own and your parents' economic position. If she loves you it will make no difference, and if she does not you are better without her.

A Vulgar Bully

MY father died two years ago at the aged of seventy-two. I, the eldest son, am married, so mother was left a widow of seventy, to manage the home. Also at home is a crippled sister of twenty-four and an unmarried brother of thirty-six. The very day after dad's funeral this brother started showing off his authority. Lately he has grown into such a bully that the lives of mother and sister are absolutely miserable.

He taunts my sister with not going out to earn her living and treats me so badly that her heart is well-nigh breaking. He grumbles and scolds and is so violent that the womenfolk go in fear of him.

Sister cannot go out to work because of her crippled condition and mother is too old—indeed, she needs the small services sister can perform for her. It seems to make him worse if I or the wife interfere, so we steal a visit to mother when we know he is not there.

I would take my mother and sister into my own home gladly, but mother only cries at my suggestion. She says it is her own home and her furniture. She was married into it and she means to die there, so what can we do?

HUMANIST says: As you are the eldest, why ask? Your mother, even at seventy, must assert her authority and refuse to be bullied in her own home by this son. Neither must you and your wife be so ridiculous as to keep out when he is in.

If you all show a bold front he will realise his bad conduct and be ashamed of himself. Bullies are made by cowards.

Nursing a Grievance.—A few sharp things said in heat are not enough reason for a life-long estrangement. Your daughter is behaving in a cruel and un-filial manner. Old grievances soon die if people are sweet-spirited enough to forget them. Tell your daughter, from me, that it will not soothe her own declining years to know that, in revenge, she neglected her parents in theirs.

A Grudging Lover.—Unless the girl who fitted you returns your presents of her own accord you have no redress. A gift, once handed over, becomes the absolute property of the recipient. As your sweetheart did not think enough of you to stick to you in adversity, even at the cost of all you spent on her in bright days, you are well rid of her.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

"Still as light as a feather, Miss Astaire!"

*Miss Adele Astaire,
the dancer and leading
lady in "Funny Face"
at the Princes, London*



*"Thanks Jenkyn – but I
wouldn't be if I let myself
eat fattening sweet things"*

Whenever I crave anything of that sort, I just light a Kensitas instead. A Kensitas makes you proof against temptation to eat the things that put on weight. It satisfies the craving—and it doesn't spoil your figure.

Well, I am sure many young ladies will be interested to hear your news about Kensitas. Of course, a reasonable proportion of sugar in the diet is recommended, but the authorities are overwhelming that too many fattening sweet things are harmful and that too many such are eaten. So, for moderation's sake, I say,

don't nibble—smoke a
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Our Letter Parliament

WHEN the UNEXPECTED HAPPENED

I WAS on my beam ends, absolutely "down and out," and as I tramped along a country lane I was contemplating suicide. Suddenly I was knocked down by a horse, and a heavy dray passed over my arm. I was taken to the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, where my arm was eventually amputated. When I left the institution, the owners of the dray gave me £100 and a job in their employ—a most "unexpected" happening after a hopeless quest for work, and then the loss of a limb.—*W. Towell, Mount Pleasant, Diss, Norfolk.*

A Sixth Sense

The other evening I went to bed at the usual hour, and dropped to sleep at once. I was awakened with a start, though not a sound could be heard. After minutes which seemed hours, I thought I would like a cup of tea. I lighted my candle and put on my slippers. On opening the bedroom door I smelt something was wrong, so blowing out the candle, I groped my way down to the kitchen. There, to my horror, I found the gas taps turned on full. I can never remember wanting tea at night before, so think unseen powers were at work. The lives of seven people were possibly saved by that odd longing for a cup of tea.—*E. Partridge, Battle.*

What's In a Name?

Working on a hospital ship running from the Dardanelles, I was preparing a list of the wounded for disembarkation at Alexandria. A seriously-wounded Irishman had a name so uncommon that he remarked: "First time you've met that name, I bet." An hour later I met it again and accompanied by the same remark. "But there's another in K ward," I replied. The result was that two brothers met after fifteen years' separation. The elder had gone to Australia when the younger was just a child, and had never written home.—*E. B. Crampson, Marlon, Blackpool.*

Jack-in-the-Box

Just over a year ago I met, on my doorstep, a seedy individual, hungry, wolfish. A beggar, I thought, but no, a borrower. He was unabashed, almost arrogant, insisting simply on a man's rights to claim help in need from fellow-man. "Lend me some money," he proposed, "as much as you like. I'll repay you within twelve months, with an equal sum for interest." I hesitated; but finally gave him one pound and my card. "My name is Jack Robinson," he said. Last Boxing Day, to my astonishment, the post brought his two pounds. He was making "good" as a "bus conductor."—*Peter Langdale, London, N.W.8.*

A Lucky Rest

I am a miner and work with my father. One day we had just started breaking up rock and "gobbing" it, and before we had got warmed up, dad said, quite unexpectedly, "Let's have a blow, son." At this we both went back along the road to our "bread-place." No sooner had we moved than a huge piece of rock fell out of the roof right on the spot where we had been working. Dad spoke again—"Who says there is no God?"—*A Young Miner, Gloucestershire.*

A Double Escape

Whilst on a ship bound from Cape Town to Bristol, we were attacked by an enemy submarine off the Scillies. The first torpedo struck us, but did not explode. Preparations were made to mitigate the disaster expected from a second attack, which soon came. Then, to our relief

Unique Ploughing Contest The Mother-in-Law Bogey Strange Burglaries

and utter surprise, the unexpected happened. The second torpedo to strike the ship also proved to be a "dud." The submarine then shelled our lifeboats and made off, leaving us without a single casualty.—*Mrs. M. E. Hoyle, York.*

Held in Suspense

I was once in amateur theatricals, and during a comic scene was supposed to attempt suicide by hanging. I took my place but the rope proved too short, so I had to stand on a few bricks, hidden by scenery. In adjusting the noose around my neck the bricks collapsed, and the noose tightened, almost choking me. My frantic gesticulations and gurgling noises to attract attention, coupled with my fellow-performer's excited requests for information on "what to do in case of strangulation," created roars of laughter. Even my fellow-actors thought it exceedingly funny and realistic, until I gasped a few words not in the play.—*M. Anderson, Broadheath, Altrincham.*

The Chang n3 Scales

For many years mother's health had been indifferent, whilst father presented a striking contrast by reason of his robust appearance, active disposition and breezy personality. Another operation being absolutely vital, mother was removed to hospital, and father, already worried and over-worked through his many interests, strained every effort on her behalf, sometimes walking three miles, mostly uphill, to see her. The last occasion proved so trying to his weakened constitution, that upon reaching the town he collapsed and died, separated by a thin wall from mother who, better in health than ever before, learned of his death six weeks afterwards.—*Mrs. C. E. Garrad, London, N.7.*

A Happy Exception

One is naturally indignant and distressed over the numerous instances you quote of people who are persistently labelled as mentally deficient by the autocratic Board of Control. But as an exception to the rule I should like to quote a case which can be vouched for. The son of certain respectable folk was certified, and sent to an institution for two years. Every care was taken of him, and at the expiration of that term he was nearly normal. He was found occupation on a farm under relaxed supervision, and at the end of a further two years was discharged as quite normal.—*R. E., Birmingham.*

Life in the Old Do3

In these days when agriculture is at a lower ebb in our land than we would wish, the following account of a ploughing match held recently in Devon gives room for hope. The contestants were Mr. John White, of Buddeshayes Farm, Southleigh, and his six sons. Mr. White, who is seventy years of age, won the open championship of Devon and Cornwall

FIRE, STORM, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT—"John Bull" pays 286 more Cheques this week to registered readers: See page 2.

ORIGINAL letters on the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament."

My Most Embarrassing Moment

thirty-nine years ago, and has come on top in local competitions on numerous occasions. A large crowd witnessed the match, and saw a fine demonstration of skilful ploughing; each putting every ounce of effort in the friendliest of rivalry. Mr. White, Senr., was awarded fourth place, and is to be congratulated on this as well as the fact of being able to show six stalwart farmer sons keen on their job. The reading of Viscount Knebworth's excellent article, "The man with the Cotton Backbone," led me to send the foregoing report.—*Fred Drew, Devon.*

A Model Mother-in-Law

Why all this mother-in-law bogey? My mother-in-law is the friend of the family. Sometimes she lives with us, and sometimes we live with her, and sometimes we live apart in our own homes. But together or apart, my mother-in-law is just one of the best women living. She never interferes with our affairs, nor we in hers. A letter or a wire from my mother-in-law has no terrors for me, for there is no more welcome visitor to our house than my friend, my mother-in-law.—*Wm. Barrett Sturgeon, Eastbourne.*

Worth Keeping Up

The peculiar hold which JOHN BULL has upon the affections of its readers is well illustrated in the mining districts at the present time. Newspapers and journals which have been taken for years have had to be stopped, but JOHN BULL is retained to the last. My newspaper tells me that J. B. is easily the "best seller" among weekly papers.—*D. H. Rhonda.*

The Spy?

Once a week an old-fashioned, ferret-eyed mite of a girl, knocks at our door and begs for bread, meanwhile she endeavours to peer into the house. Other houses in the locality are visited with the same regularity. She has been given clothes, bread and dainties, but these are thrown away. Attempts to trace her to her lair have been unsuccessful. She is too cute. Meantime, several houses in the neighbourhood have been burgled without any clue to the perpetrators. This is a sample of twentieth century security for peaceful citizens.—*H. Sutcliffe, Oldham.*

Letters in Little

The Government's gift to the miner may be excellent propaganda, but the solution for unemployment is as far as ever.—*Workless, Treorchy.*

King George has made as many holes in the Republican theory as there are in a Gruyère cheese.—*American Reader.*

Icebergs are a wonderful sight, but to strike one was an unexpected happening.—*J. C., Birkenhead.*

When a single man in 1912 I lent pal £5 . . . In 1926 my old pal found us and brought the £5 and one for luck.—*Grateful, Rhonda.*

Ward off WINTER'S MINOR ILLS

**BEWARE of Winter's lesser troubles
—Coughs, Colds and Chills.**

They are Mother Nature's danger signals and the penalty for disregarding them is the contraction of deadlier ailments, of Asthma, Influenza and Pneumonia.

The moment you feel the first shiver is the time to take yourself in hand. Don't wait for things to develop; don't even give the germs a chance of coming to grips. Get yourself a bottle of warming, comfort-bringing Wincarnis and fight the cold with the rich, red blood this wonderful tonic creates.

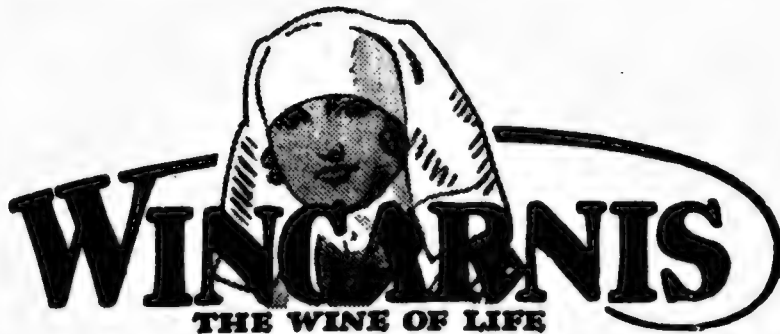
Why should you run the risk of long and costly illness when Wincarnis can offer you such protection? Thousands of attacks have been warded off by its timely aid; its use has been advised by over 18,000 doctors.

Delay may cost you dearly — take Wincarnis to-day and retain your good health.

Read this testimonial:—

New Malden, Surrey. 22/11.27.

"I may add that my family and I have always regarded Wincarnis as our great family stand-by against colds, chills and 'flu, and our favourite 'pick-me-up' at all times. It is so pleasant, heartening and comforting that it constitutes the ideal tonic and is the brain-worker's 'pick-me-up' par excellence."



NOW REDUCED IN PRICE TO 5/- & 3/-

(These prices do not apply to the Irish Free State).

Alfred

P. 19/29



For a Glorious Night's Rest

YOU can enjoy a glorious night's rest every night by drinking delicious "Ovaltine" before retiring. Frayed nerves will be soothed and calmed and digestive unrest allayed.

While you sleep, the rich nourishment so abundantly supplied by "Ovaltine" will build up your system with new stores of energy and vitality. You will wake refreshed and invigorated—with strength and vitality to carry you right through the day.

"Ovaltine" is the recognised best "night-cap" all over the world, because it ensures sound, refreshing sleep in a perfectly natural way.

This delicious beverage is prepared from Nature's best restorative foods—malt, milk and eggs. Eggs are particularly important because they supply lecithin (organic phosphorus)—the essential requirement for building up brain and nerves.

OVALTINE

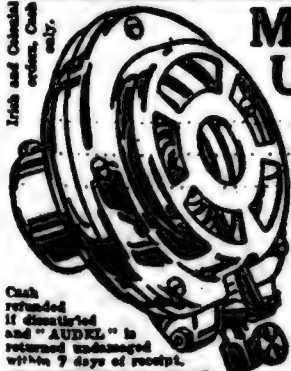
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Ensures Sound, Natural Sleep

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

It is economical to buy the larger tins.

P. 517



**Make YOUR Gramophone
UP TO DATE WITH THE WONDERFUL
New "AUDEL" Soundbox**

SENT ON RECEIPT OF

Is your Soundbox fitted with our new Aluminium Diaphragm? If not it is out of date. There is only one method of obtaining the full and beautiful tones of the New Electrically Recorded Discs and that is by using an "AUDEL" Soundbox, the most remarkable invention ever introduced to the Gramophone World.

"AUDEL" DOUBLES VOLUME.

The Soundbox is the heart of the Gramophone; if it is a badly designed one, the reproduction and volume must be bad also. Fit an "AUDEL" Soundbox and this fact will be instantly revealed to you in a startling and pleasing manner. The volume will be doubled and every note will be heard, from the deep tones of the grand organ to the piping notes of the piccolo. Why? Because the "AUDEL" Soundbox incorporates in its design our new Aluminium Diaphragm and the Centilever Stylus Bar, the only perfect method of obtaining the correct rendering of the new Electric Records. It will add new lustre to your old records and increase the life of your new ones. To enable you to test this wonderful invention on your own Gramophone we will send it post free under plain wrapper on receipt of 6d. deposit only, the balance if satisfied is then payable 1/6 on receipt and 4/- weekly until only 11/6 is paid. Special price each with order, or within 7 days, 2/6 only. State whether soundbox clips on or in the tone arm, and give make of instrument.—J. MARTIN & SONS (706), 21, ST. THOMAS ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

Cash refunded if dissatisfied and "AUDEL" is returned undamaged within 7 days of receipt.

Douglas Stuart

Books Open

LINCOLN & NATIONAL
ULIMITED DOUBLE EVENTS.
NO WAY BARRED.

DAILY S.P. LETTER
BUSINESS A SPECIALITY
No Limit on Singles,
Doubles, Accumulators

F O COMBINED
LIBERAL O WITH
ODDS SECURITY

FOOTBALL

LISTS ON A "DUGGIE
APPLICA L NEVER
TION. L OWES."

Write To-day—Don't Delay.
5, DRURY STREET,
GLASGOW.

Safety First!



BET
WITH
THE
BIG
TWO

SEND ALL
YOUR
FOOTBALL
AND
RACING
BETS
TO

DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE

227, BATH ST., GLASGOW.
Letter Commissions accepted from 1/-
up to any amount in accordance with
our rules.

Winnings by Return—All Postages Paid.

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GRAND NATIONAL
Send for Price Lists and particulars
of our

£1,000 to NOTHING OFFER

FOOTBALL

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING BARRED
BOOK OPEN ON FOOTBALL CUP.

A 'NATIONAL' RECORD Racing's All Right, Given a Chance

ONE hundred and twenty entries for the Grand National—a record—is another nail in the coffin of the Jeremiahs who say that racing, particularly National Hunt, is losing its popularity.

AFTER the debacle at Aintree last March, when the tubed and despised selling 'chaser, Tipperary Tim, virtually ambled in alone, owners might be forgiven for arguing that entering and starting a horse for the National is a hundred pounds thrown away. Instead, all our old favourite 'chasers are listed once more together with a few new acquaintances.

It is a point worth noting that the figures are almost double those of 1925, '26 and '27, which were respectively, 63, 59 and 69.

DO not know how anyone, in his sane senses, can expect racing to be very bright during December and January. The bitter, biting blasts which we experience are sufficient to keep all away from the racecourses except the professionals and the hangers-on. But when we have a bright week-end one can always see a good attendance at the Park courses.

BY the time these notes appear the ante-post commission agents will probably be offering long odds against our spotting the Spring double. I am not venturing a selection for the Lincoln, but if "twenty-fives" or "twenties" are offered about Bright's Boy and Master Billie, I think they are worth a little spare cash.

THE recent records of the "National" point to the fact that a Liverpool lepper is at his prime at nine or ten years of age. Both Bright's Boy and Master Billie are ten-year-olds.

DURING the past few years Jerry M., Poethlyn, Music Hall, Double Chance and Jack Horner, all in their ninth year, carried off the race. Shaun Spadah and Sprig were a year older. Tipperary Tim was also in his tenth year, but I am not calling him a horse.

THE pick of the nine-year-olds this season appears to be the erratic, but amazingly versatile, Easter Hero, who put Master Billie and at least a dozen others out of the race last March by landing astride the canal fence. This, by the way, has been remodelled into a plain fence and should cause no trouble in future.

WE lost another day's racing last week, as no executive was sufficiently enterprising to apply for the vacant date—Thursday—and we are lucky to have Tenby's two-day affair on the card on January 16 and 17. The little Pembrokeshire racecourse came up for sale last year, but was withdrawn.

TENBY has earned a little niche for itself in the history of National Hunt racing as the birthplace of the famous cross-country jockeys, F. B. and L. B. Rees and the Anthonys. The racing which takes place there is hardly worthy of the name, but it has its light side.

THE Farmers' and Tradesmen's Hurdle Race is a law unto itself. The amateur riders are apt to weigh-out and when they think they will and are often responsible for amusing incidents. I recollect at the meeting last January—like Christmas, it comes but once a year—a rider, who had been toggled up in all his glory an hour before the race, was missing for the weigh-out. He turned up as the others were mounting and was restfallen when the officials told him he was too late.



P. B. Rees

AT Tenby, too, they tell the story of the amateur rider who was amazed at his weight on the scales, as it was considerably in excess of his poundage after his morning bath. As he turned away to have a run round to get off the "extra" it was noticed that his riding-boots weighed eight or ten pounds. Plus these he wore a hefty belt and a formidable pair of braces!

THE news that Jack Dempsey has agreed, after all, to fight in Mr. Tex Rickard's heavy-weight elimination tournament is not without significance. It was told to me months ago by a man high up in American boxing that the ultimate aim of Mr. Rickard's scheme was a third meeting between Tunney and Dempsey.

NOW, if Dempsey wins the "eliminator" and becomes champion—which is quite likely bearing in mind the class of the opposition—what more obvious sequel than another tilt at Tunney? Gene has retired, I know, but Dempsey did the same, only to stage a "come-back" as soon as Mr. Rickard mentioned a million-dollar purse.

PHIL SCOTT, who has not fought for over a year, has taken on a big proposition in agreeing to box Ted Sandwina at the Albert Hall on January 31. Scott has had chances of boxing since he came home from the States, but he wanted too much money. So he has occupied himself instead in tutoring a young London heavy-weight novice.

DAILY practice with a learner is the worst possible preliminary to a fight with one of the most promising young big men we have seen for years. Sandwina is in fighting trim; he is a good boxer and he can hit quite as hard as Scott. After such a long lay-off, it is hardly feasible that Scott will be as good as he was, so there may be a surprise.

THERE is a persistent cry for Freeman, the Kent bowler of the seductive googly, to play for England in the next Test Match. But who would you leave out? Every one of our bowlers has so far played his part nobly and well.

THE fact of the matter is that some people must always be "picking a bone." Win or lose there's always something not as it should be. The keenest critics of ourselves—and usually the most unfair—we are, indeed, a strange people.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in *The Sporting Life*.
D O S B S I P E C L A F H R

G X Q V Z W T K J Y N M U 2
How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in *The Sporting Life* read those above or below the line as the case may be.

P2HFTJN2Q would read TRUM CARD.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, January 9, to Tuesday January 15.

In addition to "Silver Ring's" code tips, *The Sporting Life* publishes two selections daily, sent out by the racing experts of *The Sporting Life Weekly Edition*. Don't miss them.

Asthma

Vapo-Cresolene gives prompt relief to those afflicted with Bronchial Asthma, because the little lamp, used at night, is at work vaporizing the soothing remedy which makes comfortable sleep possible for asthmatic people.



A remedy of 50 years standing.
Sold by all Chemists. Write for descriptive booklet No 43 U to
ALLEN & HAMBURY'S, Ltd.
Lombard St., London, E.C.3

ACIDITY, THE CAUSE OF INDIGESTION.

The common-sense remedy for acidity is 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which instantly neutralises excess acid, prevents fermentation, and soothes, heals and strengthens the stomach lining which acidity has made raw. Doctors recommend 'Bisurated' Magnesia because it never fails to give immediate relief. For the same reason it is used in hospitals. You can get 'Bisurated' Magnesia at all chemists, either powder or tablets, price 1s. 3d. There is no better, quicker or surer way to a good digestion than this famous antacid used by thousands of people all over the world.

NOTE: 'Bisurated' Magnesia powder is now available with Mint flavour as well as in the unflavoured form—both afford instant relief.

What Made His HAIR GROW?

Read His Letter for the Answer.



"Two years ago I was bald all over the top of my head."

"I felt ashamed for people to see my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald until I used Kotalco."

"New hair came almost immediately and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since—and no return of the baldness."

This verified statement is by Mr. H. A. Wall. He is but one of the big legion of users of Kotalco who voluntarily attest it has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff or aided new, luxuriant hair growth.

Test-Box Coupon.

to JOHN HART BRITAIN, LTD.,
2, Percy Street (53, KC), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALCO with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

PSORIASIS

Scars and all other Skin Diseases Completely and Permanently cured by this wonderful Herbal Treatment. GUARANTEED RESULTS OR MONEY RETURNED. Every case treated individually with an experience extending over 40 years. Send post card for FREE BOOK sent under plain cover.

J. ROBINSON & SONS,
11, KUREM HOUSE, BRADFORD

THE MAIL ORDER MARKET *A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain Hunters*

PAY FOR YOUR DINNER SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

Each Suit is Cut and Made to your OWN MEASUREMENTS from best quality ALL WOOL Broadcloth or Twill, Silk Patching, Silky lining. Suits come in all styles. Striped down Trousers. NO DUNGEON. Delivered on payment of first instalment of 10/-, and then pay 10/- monthly until you have paid in all OVERCOATS from 20/-, Suits from 40/- Made to Measure all on similar easy terms. Write for patterns and designs. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. Established over 25 years.

J. B. THORNE & CO.
25 LANCASHIRE ST., LONDON, W.1.
NEW CITY BRANCH: Empire House (1st floor), St. Martin's Lane (Opp. G.P.O.)



4'14'6

Or 15/- down and 11 monthly payments of 8/6.
Carriage Paid U.K. Model 25. Beautifully Oak-finished Cabinet, 3 ft. 3 in. high, complete with Metal Sound Chamber, Fulltone Junior Bomber, and powerful Collins Motor. Unusually pure tone and enormous volume. Most wonderful value obtainable. Write NOW for free Catalogue or call.

FULLTONE GRAMOPHONES

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78 Camden Rd., London, N.W.1
Also 10 High St. (N.), East Ham;
801 High Road, Tottenham;
41 George Street, Craydon;
21/22 Argyll St., Glasgow;
13 Paradise St., Liverpool; and
45 Oxford Rd., Manchester

FULLTONE

SPARE TIME EMPLOYMENT.

A STATEMENT.

By Messrs. Geo. A. Carter & Sons.

The earnest seeker of genuine spare time employment is so often tricked by "free-lancers," that a plain straightforward statement seems necessary to introduce The "Dinkie" (Half Profit) Agency to JOHN BULL readers. The scheme is novel, yet almost everybody buys. The work appeals to either sex, and it can be operated in almost any locality, either in spare or whole time. No experience or special knowledge is necessary. Profits are big (50 per cent.). Let us send you the whole outfit free of cost and without obligation, ready to earn you money the moment you receive it. Hundreds are making £3 to £5 per week—why not YOU? It costs nothing to investigate this genuine offer—just a p.c. with your name and address and Messrs. Geo. A. Carter & Son, Dept. J.B., Westminster, Bristol, will send you everything gratis and post free. Write Now!—(ADVT.)

TURN DULL HOURS INTO BRIGHT MONEY

Now is a profitable hobby to knock out these odd nights, when the friends in the best place. Such a fascinating hobby, too, knitting beautiful things on the Imperia Knitter. You make a pound or two pounds a week just in spare time.

We guarantee to buy your work or you can sell to private customers if you like. It is easy to sell, the work is so perfect and good. You can make jumpers, sports coats, hosiery, and all sorts of underwear, and the Imperia Knitter is so simple you can begin earning at once. The Imperia Book tells all about the Imperia Knitter and shows in colour the lovely work you can make. Write for it (it is free), and see what a splendid opportunity it offers.

IMPERIA HOSIERY MFG. CO. LTD. (J.B. 5)
245, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1.

ONE WEEK ONLY—SURPLUS STOCK

500 Complete BEDDING SETS 500

Cash or C.O.D.
1 pair Heavy White Bordered Blankets, whipped edges, double bed.
1 pair Heavy Twill Bolton Sheets, double bed.
1 pretty Alhambra Quilt, double bed, lovely colours.
1 fine White Bolster Case.
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1 Turkish Hand Towel.

FREE GIFT All for 20/- Carr. Charming Ladies Work Bag with every order.

Cash or C.O.D. Money refunded if not satisfactory.
CASEMENT MFG. CO. (Dept. J.B.)
ALLUM STREET MILLS, MANCHESTER.

FREEMANS

Celebrated **SPARE TIME AGENCY**
CASH OR CREDIT
LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

Books, Gents' and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Outfits & Underwear, Carpets, Linen, Drapery, Gramophones, Records, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.
Men in regular employment appointed as Agents. Largest stock in the trade. Liberal enquiry of samples. Highest Commission paid.
Illustrated Coloured Catalogue.
NO OVERLAY, ALL PROFIT. Enquiries for Agency Invited.

TRIM YOUR OWN HAIR

SAVES TIME AND MONEY. FOR LADIES AND GENTS.

Trims as it Combs

2/- Keeps Your Hair Short and Neat. Simple Adjustable Blade. A Child can use it.

FREE A Waving Comb will be given free to all sending for above.

J. B. COLE, 24, Buckingham St., W.C.2

WEST END TAILORED OVERCOATS

We offer to "John Bull" readers a perfectly tailored and stylishly cut all wool Overcoat, modelled in the very latest—broad-tail style, and lined throughout with best quality trimmings. These coats are not the usual ready-made garments, they are the production of our own workshops, and built for wear, style and comfort, at the unusual price of 6/- or 8/- with order, balance in 6 payments. We guarantee that every garment is made by us from the finest possible value in all wool cloth. Write NOW for patterns, IS ALL PRICES, easy measurement chart, and full particulars to Dept. A.

Wallington's
(of Oxford Street)
71, Oxford St., London, W.1.

SAMPLES FREE FLOOR COVERING

THICKER THAN LINOLEUM. THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Waterproof, Resistant and Sanitary. For other British, Stone Concrete or Wood Floors. Being stainless, a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. Supplied in rolls containing—

60 Square Feet for 20/-

Longer lengths pre rate.
ALL ROLLS ARE TWO YARDS WIDE.

The only floor covering made that can be used on either wood or damp stone floors. Send for free samples of the actual material and admire the exclusive designs and beautiful finish—the work of the master craftsman.

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS,

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Dainticar

SALE! During our sale we are, as an advertisement, offering a limited number of Dainticar Deluxes at greatly reduced prices. This new model, as illustrated, for

£22:19:6

(or 8/- monthly), Balloon Cushion Tyres 16/8 extra. Numerous other models at similar reductions.

Send at once for illustrated list post free from

VICTORIA CYCLE AND CARRIAGE CO.,
(Dept. P.A.), 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1.

WILLS'S CAPSTAN

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES



Mild, Medium & Full Strengths

10 for 6^p

20 for 11^{1/2}^p

CC 181

"That Duck never read the 'Yadil' Book"



"It's all very well," said the farmer, "telling me it is simply because I have faith in 'Yadil' that it cures me. That duck never read the 'Yadil' book, but a week ago 'Yadil' saved its life. We gave 'Yadil' to the old mare and her cough stopped. Was that faith or was it the 'Yadil'? In my opinion, whether you believe in it or whether you don't, it'll do the trick."

The old farmer was right. Whether or not you believe in 'Yadil,' try it! When you are better you can attribute your cure to "faith" or 'Yadil,' and it makes no matter so long as you are well again.

Winter weather is 'Yadil' weather. You can't change the weather, but you can counteract its dangers. Take 'Yadil' just to be on the safe side, and when spring comes and you look back on a winter free from coughs and colds and other seasonal troubles, tell your friends proudly you have an "iron constitution." Only don't forget to take the 'Yadil'.

'Yadil' has proved beyond all doubt to be of inestimable benefit in:—

Influenza and Colds. Chills and Fevers. Lung and Chest Complaints. Skin Troubles. Rheumatism. Boils, Cuts, Burns, Wounds, etc.

Sold by all first-class chemists in the form of—

Liquid from 2/9 Pills from 2/9 Ointment from 1/9 Pastilles 1/- per tin Soap 1/- per tablet

Have you sent for your free copy of the 'Yadil' Book of Home Treatment? If not write to-day; it may save you from days of anxiety, illness and trouble.

YADIL PRODUCTS (1925), LIMITED,
SICILIAN HOUSE, SICILIAN AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.1.

I TRIED ALL KINDS OF OINTMENTS and special treatment

ECZEMA

"WHAT a relief! Baby's ear is healing at last." Mother has tried one ointment after the other without result. Then a friend advised Germolene. The aseptic, soothing, non-smarting Germolene worked wonders. In just one week the baby's skin was—like velvet again.

"VAST IMPROVEMENT"

"A few weeks ago my baby broke out with a very bad Eczema which spread like lightning. I tried all kinds of ointments and special treatment, but to no purpose. The poor child's ears were in a very bad state. Then a friend advised me to try Germolene. I got a tin at once and, believe me, in two days there was a vast improvement. All the weeping stopped and dried, and a week's treatment with Germolene left his skin like a piece of velvet." Mrs. E. Stacey, 62, Ferguson Street, Attercliffe, Sheffield.

GERMOLENE ASEPTIC SOAP

Use it instead of ordinary soap if your skin is ailing or complexion poor. You will soon see a big improvement.

Germolene
ASEPTIC SKIN DRESSING

Get your tin TO-DAY! 1/3 8 3/- per tin

Germolene is the most effective treatment for—

Eczema

Infections, rashes, sores and sores. Rely on Germolene to relieve irritation and clear the skin.

Ulcers

abscesses and other ailments arising from blood impurities—take Germolene to cleanse the blood and apply Germolene—hundreds have testified to the success of this treatment.

Bad Leg

Germolene has scored many notable triumphs in the treatment of bad leg. Full directions are given in the little booklet included with every tin of Germolene.

Rashes

and impetigo—every mother should prove the value of Germolene. It is also most efficacious in cases of ringworm.

Scalds

Smear with Germolene and all the smarting and the pain will subside and the danger of blood poisoning will be prevented.

Cuts

Apply first—apply Germolene. Many have had cause to regret neglect of a small cut or scratch.

'ASPRO' and the INFLUENZA MENACE



Mass of testimony from users and the action of the FEDERAL GOVERNMENT OF AUSTRIA, when they declared 'ASPRO' a necessary commodity to combat the influenza epidemic that swept over that country, proclaim it as the greatest antidote ever offered to the civilized world to combat influenza, colds and rheumatism. Taken at the first signs, TWO OR THREE 'ASPRO' TABLETS AND A HOT LEMON DRINK WILL GENERALLY SMASH UP ANY COLD OR INFLUENZA ATTACK IN ONE NIGHT. Just why 'ASPRO' does this is because

when ingested in the system it is an anti-pyretic or fever destroyer, also an internal antiseptic and a powerful germicide, while its wonderful power over rheumatism is accounted for because 'ASPRO' is a solvent of Uric Acid. Its germicidal qualities also are a valuable factor for rheumatism. Living proof is the best demonstration of the value of a commodity, so we draw your attention to the testimony published below. It demonstrates 'ASPRO' claims to be true. 'ASPRO' brings sweet sleep to the sleepless, relieves rheumatism in one night—banishes headache like magic—stops growing pains—cleans out colds and influenza with all its feverish and weakening conditions. It dispels neuralgia and nerve pains, and soothes the irritable too.

DON'T FEAR 'FLU, COLDS OR RHEUMATISM—BANISH THEM TO-NIGHT WITH 'ASPRO'

'FLU PAINS GO IN HALF AN HOUR

Dear Sirs, 128 High Street, Epsom, S.E.24.
I feel I must write and tell you what I think about 'ASPRO'. Last week I started with an influenza cold in the head, and tried all sorts of remedies to relieve it, so the pains in my face and head were terrible, and I got no rest in bed. After the third day I saw in a paper what 'ASPRO' did and remembered it being advertised at Woking, so I sent out for a box and took three tablets right away. Within half an hour my pains were gone and my cold soon got better. I could not describe the pains, they were awful: all over my head and face. I never had anything like it, but 'ASPRO' relieved me, and so I suffer from rheumatism I will continue with them for that, as I feel sure I shall get relief. 'ASPRO' would be a great help to many if they would only try them. I remain, Yours faithfully, (Signed) E. FOLKES.

Wards Off Influenza

ways staves off Influenza attacks. Wins us success.

6° 1' 3" 26
PER PACKET

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 60 tablets, equivalent to 2/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science and its claims are based on its superiority.

GOLLIN & CO. PTY. LTD. ('Aspro' Dept.), SLOUGH, BUCKS
Telephone: SLOUGH 608

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BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD.—TAYLORS DRUG CO. LTD.—TIMOTHY WHITES—SQUIRE & CO. (Birmingham), LTD.—NEEDHAMS, ETC., AND ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

PROMINENT PHYSICIAN PRAISES 'ASPRO'

STATES THAT PEOPLE WHO CANNOT TAKE ORDINARY ASPIRIN CAN TAKE 'ASPRO'—'ASPRO' Effective where Others Fail NON-TOXIC VALUE APPRECIATED

Scotland, 23rd August, 1928.

Dear Sirs, Gollin & Co. Pty. Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

I am writing to let you know of my experience with 'ASPRO'. While I have made no chemical tests the CLINICAL RESULTS FULLY SUBSTANTIATE YOUR CLAIMS OF EXTREME PURITY. I HAVE FOUND THAT PEOPLE WHO COULD NOT TAKE ORDINARY ASPIRIN, OWING TO THE GASTRIC UPSET IT CAUSED, READILY TOLERATED 'ASPRO'. Also cases of 'ASPRO' are effective where similar doses of other brands are not. It has also, taken at night, a mild hypnotic effect which is very valuable considering its non-toxic character.

If you will send me samples for general use I shall have pleasure in distributing them to certain of my patients.

Yours faithfully, F. S. (M.B., Ch.B.)

(Name withheld for professional reasons).

'ASPRO' USES

1. It stops violent headaches in 5 to 10 minutes.
2. It brings sweet sleep to the sleepless.
3. It relieves rheumatism in one night.
4. It relieves children's growing pains.
5. It saves many a tooth tooth by removing toothache.
6. It brings relief without causing sickness, indigestion, or a craving.
7. It stops pain without harming the heart.
8. It soothes away irritability.
9. A hot lemon drink and two or three 'ASPRO' Tablets will smash up a Cold or 'Flu' attack in one night.
10. It reduces temperature in 5 minutes.
11. It can be taken any time, in Train, Train at Home, at Business—anywhere—everywhere.
12. It is so safe a child can take it.
13. It is the greatest help for women every little while ever known.
14. It stops the ill after-effects of alcohol.

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JOHN BULL Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

DISGUSTED (Stoke).—"What has this Government done?" All of us.

DOCTOR (Ashington).—"My patient swore at me when he was unconscious." Are you certain he was unconscious?

HETTIE (Sunderland).—"He courted me in jest." We wager he won't jest in court.

A. Y. J. (Moseley).—"What do you think my wife uses to clean the windows?" You?

C. N. D. (Swindon).—"He gave me a nasty look." Sure Nature wasn't to blame?

A. F. (Saltburn).—"When I asked her to marry me, she cried, 'NO! NO!'" She would not knot, in fact.

Mrs. F. (Middlesbrough).—"I looked up the parson's text in the Bible." Did you doubt his accuracy?

C. A. (Swansea).—"Out of sight, out of mind." As we can't see you, do you imply you're daft?

J. V. (Bradford).—"The best man is ever an optimist." Well, he isn't the fellow who's getting married.

SPECULATOR (Newcastle).—"I lost money through investing in oil." Were the sardines bad?

Miss G. (Burnley).—"I am looking for the perfect man." According to the epitaphs, graveyards are full of 'em.

S. K. (Huddersfield).—"Even wise men sometimes grumble." But grumblers never are wise men.

GENTLE (Hampton).—"He says I have the most kissable mouth in the world." Immense!

S. A. V. (Durham).—"Betting is getting something for nothing." It's far oftener getting nothing for something.

D. G. (Eton).—"He is always telling old stories of his military experiences." In the Boer War?

T. A. (Darlington).—"My daughter is looking for a tall, brilliant manly man for a husband." Sorry. We are already married.

G. P. (Durham).—"I saw my daughter's husband out with a strange girl, but he pretended not to see me." Necessity knows no mother-in-law.

J. L. (Hatfield).—"She met him at tennis, they became friendly, got engaged, and now she's suing him for breach of promise." Court, courted, caught, Court.

G. N. (Rochdale).—"What does it cost to get married?" A few shillings down and all you've got for the rest of your life in regular instalments.

W. H. D. (Surbiton).—"The peace of the world must be preserved." But a thing must exist before we can preserve it.

A. B. B. (Wrexham).—"Not one book in every hundred submitted to a publisher is worth printing." But why don't they publish that one?

R. S. (Maidenhead).—"Every man has his uses." And every woman her excuses.

A. N. (Ely).—"I generally have 'flu in February." How lucky! It's the shortest month.

F. T. (Combe).—"Your office seemed rather noisy." It quietened down after your loud plus-fours had gone.

L. B. (Bradford).—"My voice has a big range." Then we expect you were able to sing Christmas carols in perfect safety.

J. N. (Willesden).—"She has managed to get on the stage." What's her idea? To get off?

L. T. (Sevenoaks).—"Lying is a failing of mine." Well, that's better than being good at it.

A. B. (Yeovil).—"The parrot repeats what my wife says." Doesn't the poor bird get hoarse?

L. B. (Cheam).—"The doctor said I needed a brain tonic." Why did he bother to add the word tonic?

P. N. (Highgate).—"I can't cook myself." Don't try. It would probably be very painful.

J. T. (Glasgow).—"My sister sent my little boy a large drum as a New Year gift." Has she got a grudge against you?

W. B. (Marlow).—"The lawyer tied me in a knot." Now you should be able to do it yourself and go on to the stage as a contortionist.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors are not wanted. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."

"SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH":—"His cries could be heard in court. A sergeant went to the cells and took off



THE MAN'S BOOTS AND THE COURT WAS ABLE TO PROCEED IN SILENCE."

"EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS":—"Among the dresses being shown are evening frocks in . . . taffeta, A MATERIAL GUARANTEED TO SPLIT."

"SOUTH MOLTON GAZETTE":—"They looked quite smart in their red colours OF BLACK AND AMBER."

"CIVIL AND MILITARY GAZETTE" (India):—"A car for every purse . . . Prices range from £500 to £5000."

"SUNDAY CHRONICLE":—"The manager, who had his hand on a desk-top suddenly flung it with great force at the would-be raider."

Our Free Advice Service:

Whatever the New Year may hold in store for you, try to look forward hopefully. And if there are any shadows in your path, remember that JOHN BULL exists to help you. All cares and difficulties seem lighter when we share them, so just send particulars, with stamped, addressed envelope to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service. Your problems will be carefully considered by experts, whose advice you will find well worth following.

H. H. (Iver).—"I am far behind with my studies." Then pursue them.

E. P. (Yarmouth).—"Drink makes the face fat." Too much chin-chin, obviously.

B. R. (Gainsford).—"Do you enjoy all my letters?" Not half!

J. L. (St. Andrews).—"What comes of political promises?" More political promises.

G. P. (Totnes).—"I could entertain you with the story of my life." We very much doubt it.

J. J. (Leeds).—"I wonder that he can look me in the face." Why, what's wrong with your face?

Mrs. J. (Ayr).—"I want to get rid of my lady lodger." You evidently prefer her room to her company.

D. Y. (Turriff).—"My one idea is to write a novel." Some authors write novels with less ideas than that.

C. T. (Charlton).—"Bills about my performance were posted up all over London." Outside the police stations?

T. C. (Sunningdale).—"I silenced my wife with a look." Goodness! You must have an awful look.

S. C. (Ashborne).—"The fish was so big that I daren't put it in the boat." And what was the name of the boat—the *Mauretania*?

GLADYS (Atherstone).—"I opened the door to the postman in my dressing-gown." Whatever was he doing in it?

JOHN G. (Cambridge).—"Why do such young girls powder?" For the same reason that such young boys puff.

R. J. (Kirkby Stephen).—"Can you tell me anything about the latest income tax returns?" Yes. Income tax never returns.

B. D. (Warrington).—"What is the pay of Scotland Yard's 'Big Four'?" Ask a policeman. And if you're envious, what about joining the *Bullets Big Four* on page 35?

G. P. (Harlesden).—"I am full of gloomy thoughts." If you could write Russian you could write a Russian play couldn't you?

A. W. W. (Manchester).—"Why do wives of prominent men so seldom shine?" Possibly because they use a good brand of powder.

G. T. (Acton).—"I love to see the twinkling lights of London." They are caused by the night clubs hurriedly opening and shutting.

D. Y. (Totnes).—"I'll never write to you again as long as I live." You may later, though. We'll look out for an asbestos envelope.

Wm. C. (London).—"I am resigned to my fate." Have a good breakfast on the fatal morning, and walk with a firm step to the register office.

L. N. (Sheerness).—"I was in the bath when the telephone rang, so I hurriedly slipped on something, and went downstairs." A piece of soap?

C. T. (Swinton).—"My wife doesn't like me gardening in the wet weather." Probably because you bring so much of the garden into the house.

Mrs. O. (Cargrave).—"I always train my children to do nothing all the world may not see." That will prove awkward when they grow up and want a bath, won't it?

F. T. (Crewe).—"I want to write articles so badly." You already do.

E. P. (Jarrow).—"I am almost blind." Permanently, we are afraid.

H. M. (Bromley).—"We have a new baby." What horse-power this time?

E. K. (Thaxted).—"Think before you speak." And think twice before you write.

B. T. (Selby).—"My baby gets bigger and better every day." So does JOHN BULL. Just watch him grow!

T. T. (Fleet).—"When I see a man drunk my heart aches for him." And the next day his head aches for him.

G. N. (Bampton).—"One in every four Americans chews gum." And the other three are too busy talking.

R. G. (Leyton).—"I see you've just put up a new building." Yes, it's the only kind we ever put up.

J. V. (Cosham).—"What should a clergyman preach about?" About ten minutes.

CHAIRMAN (E.C.C.).—"I don't know what has happened to our sinking-fund." Perhaps it sank.

M. A. (Bedford).—"What is the finest bit of literature you know?" "Here—with please find cheque."

Mrs. P. (Harrow).—"Why are aspiridistras so popular with housewives?" Because they're handy to hide behind when watching other housewives.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

£H7-6

The junior hanging type

AMPLION

Pleasing to the eye, charming to the ear, and possessing unusual sensitivity, this model has a performance out of all proportion to the lowness of its price . . . A.C.2, 37/6

Other Amplion Models 35/- to £42.

Catalogues from all Radio Dealers or Graham Amplion, Ltd. London: 25-26, Abchurch Lane, W.C.1. Works: SLOUGH.

MOTHER'S GALLANT FIGHT

The Workhouse Spectre

PICTURE to yourselves a family of ten—father, mother and eight children—crowded together in a tiny back kitchen, and sleeping in just as small a bedroom, only big enough to hold a bed and a mattress on the floor. This is the unfortunate state of Mr. and Mrs. Miles, and their little ones.

Mr. Miles is paralysed in his left leg. He works hard at all the odd jobs he can find, mending shoes till midnight, earning during his best weeks an average of £1. Mrs. Miles, who suffers from rheumatism and a weak heart, had to get up on the seventh day after her last baby was born.

Last October, as they could no longer meet their rent of £1 per week, they were turned out of their home. Mr. Smith's mother gave them possession of two tiny back rooms in her dingy little house at Hoxton.

There are six little boys, two of them infants in arms and two girls.

Under better conditions, they would be robust children, for they are sturdy of build, and friendly in manner, and should make fine young citizens, with the exception of one little chap of eight who suffers from a tubercular growth.

The Poor Law Guardians, to whom Mrs. Miles turned for relief, consider that, as the family have no home they can call their own, they would be better off in the workhouse.

But Mrs. Miles, who has struggled all these years to keep her children with her feels that anything would be better than that the family should be parted.

She says that the kiddies would break their hearts if she put them in a home, and she hopes when the baby is a little

older to be able to go out to work, to augment her husband's earnings.

To provide their Christmas dinner, she pawned the last thing she had to pawn, a bundle of the baby's clothes which baby could ill spare.

We left the little mother in her ridiculously overcrowded room, like a brave chicken sheltering her chicks under her wings, ready to fight to the bitter end, rather than have them taken from her.

Who will be to them a Good King Wenceslas bringing succour? "Ye who now will bless the poor, shall yourselves find blessing."

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the John Bull War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to The Hon. SECRETARY, 53, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These" goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

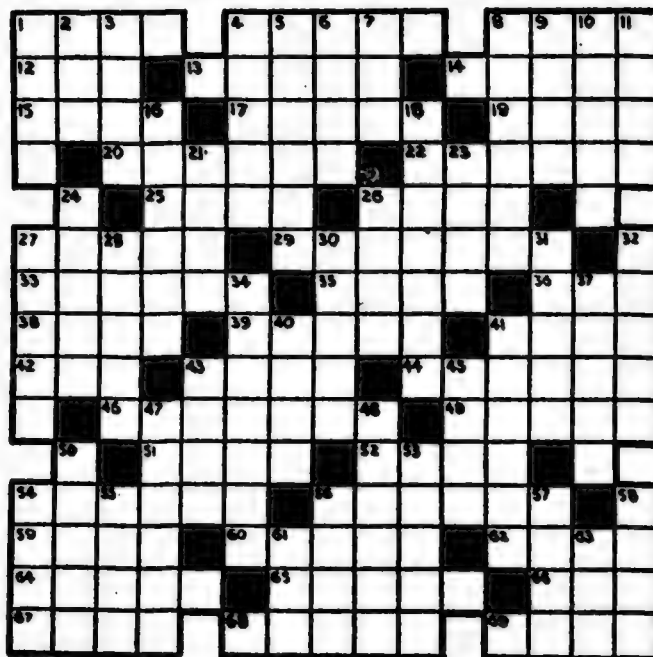
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

A Friend of "Least of These" (Draycott, 3s. 6d.; Lyric's, 10s. 6d.; Devonian, 2s. 6d.; A Working Man's Family (Som.), 10s.; Radford, 5s.; Poor Juvenile, 5s.; Grange, 1s.; S. Silverstone (Surrey), 5s.; Mrs. Cocup (Kent), 6d.; Anon. (Glasgow), 2s.; A. G. Halden, 10s.; L. V. B. N. (Cornwall), 2s.; G. Dick Tordin, 5s.; Tiaris (Essex), 1s.; Watchman (Luton), 2s. 6d.; A. B. (Lincoln), 1s.; J. & M. (Preston), 4s.; One Ninth, W. C. 8s.; G. W. 6d.; E. A. B. (Devonport), 1s.; A. E. Wright (Bristol), 2s. 6d.; L. O. 2s.; E. T. York, 2s.; Unemployed (Forest Gate), 5s.; Mrs. Long, 2s.; E. H. and E. F. 5s.; P. H. 2s.; Sylvia, 2s.; Anne (Chatham), 2s. 6d.; M. P. (Oakenfold), 2s. 6d.; Mary Moore, 5s.; P. H. C. (Luton Oldfield), 5s.; Halbridge, 10s.; Dingle, 4s.; C. A. C. (Bickenhead), 2s.; N. Edwards, 2s. 6d.; A Friend, 10s.; A Cornish Party, 5s.; A. E. Spencer, 5s.; Mrs. J. Pickering, 5s.; J. McPartland, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Woolwich), 10s.; Only a Mile, 1s.; M. S. 1s.; H. H. J. 5s.; Little Help (Chislewick), 5s.; W. E. Perkins, 1s.; Cribbage Lovers, 10s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Our CrossWord Corner

ANOTHER TEASER



CLUES ACROSS

- | | | | |
|----------------------|------------------------|------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Silly. | 22. Man-servant. | 41. Slender. | 59. Cabbage-like plant. |
| 4. Corn stalks. | 25. Torn. | 42. By. | 60. Uprisings. |
| 6. The service-tree. | 26. Scarce. | 43. Immediate. | 62. Stupid. |
| 12. Atmosphere. | 27. Hue. | 44. Indigenous. | 64. Wrong. |
| 13. Drain. | 29. Junior. | 46. Idle talker. | 65. Mediterranean island. |
| 14. Keepsake. | 33. A thicket. | 49. Rushed. | 66. Observe. |
| 15. Killed. | 35. According to. | 51. Destiny. | 67. To go. |
| 17. A match. | 36. Stray. | 52. Leave out. | 68. Destitute. |
| 19. Ribbon. | 38. Above. | 54. Longing. | 69. Boil. |
| 20. Special faculty. | 39. Slang for "money." | 56. Noise in greater volume. | |

Try your skill at Cross-words and win £500. Get "The People" next Sunday.

CLUES DOWN

1. Hasten.
2. To be ill.
3. Worry.
4. 7.
5. 20.
6. To sleep.
7. Skill.
8. Indian widow's sacrifice.
9. Verbal.
10. To mature.
11. South African farmer.
12. Prison guard.
13. Desert.
14. Affected glance.
15. Press.
16. Push.
17. Destruction.
18. Space.
19. Prevent.
20. Pertaining to sheep.
21. A memento.
22. Fortified.
23. Pig's foot.
24. Large stream.
25. Cavity.
26. Said.
27. Heavenly object.
28. Dry.
29. Distant.
30. Firmly planted.
31. Depart.
32. Sour.
33. Drafted.
34. To whirl.
35. Learning.
36. Parasitic fungus.
37. Went by air.
38. Congealed water.
39. Shelter.

The solution of our last week's puzzle will be found on this page.

TERRIBLE ITCHY SENSATION

Rash on Knees in Patches. Cuticura Heals.

"My knees broke out in patches with a rash which was accompanied with a terrible itchy sensation. For weeks I could hardly get any sleep. It was of a dry nature and I could not bear to go near the fire. When I went to bed at night the burning, itching sensation was almost unbearable. I also suffered for years with a breaking out on my face."

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. I purchased more, and in three weeks I was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. E. Hampson, 67, Wellington St., Hyde Park, Doncaster, Yorks., Eng.

Use Cuticura to clear your skin.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 2d. and 1s. 6d., Tubes 1s. 2d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 11, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

Free Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 2d.

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final. ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

GENERAL ESSENCE
R E A R I T O M R
A S L I C E S O L U S R
D I P S H A M P O O T E A
U N I T E S E A L B O R N
A C R E V E E R G R I S T
T H E N C E T E R R A C E
E O O T H D E A D E
P A R L O U R A B A T I S
T A B I D M E A L M O N T
E V I L L A N D S L A T E
R E D P E N D E N T D O E
R E L O P E N O I S Y M
O A L E O N E E
R I A M P A R T E N G A G E D

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.



Nursing Record in Two Continents Hard to Equal

Nurse Waite, of New Brighton, writes: "After fifty-five years of tireless labour, nursing mankind, I am now retiring."

While nursing in New York, in my early twenties, I was poisoned by food, my sister nurse recommended your wonderful CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. The doctor told me that I would have died had I not taken the pills.

I am never without them and have prescribed them for thousands of my patients who were suffering with indigestion, gas and sour stomach, biliousness, sick headache and constipation. These pills are indeed a wonderful laxative. Being purely vegetable, small and easy to take, children, as well as older people can swallow them easily with perfect confidence."

Get the genuine. Don't accept substitutes. Sold in 1/3 and 3/- phials by all chemists.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

JUNOPHONE BARGAINS

DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR FROM 24 DOWN

You may have any Junophone model, complete with Records of your selection, on FREE TRIAL for 14 Days. Freight Free and Carriage Paid. All British Junophones are world-famous—beautiful in tone and workmanship. You get a high-grade Gramophone, in addition to an artistic piece of furniture, guaranteed for many years. Our catalogue is bristled with bargains—all kinds of Gramophones for your selection from 9/- deposited and RENT MONTHLY TERMS to suit you. Try Before You Buy, without obligation. Money refunded if not completely satisfied. Write NOW for FREE Art Catalogue. Established 50 years.

JUNO GRAMOPHONE CO. DEPT. D.I. 108, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2

JUNOPHONE



A first payment of 14/- brings a new and never ending interest into your hon.

7 days' free trial; carriage paid and transit risks taken.

Here are the various cash and easy payment prices for Riley's "Home" Billiard Tables:

4ft. 6ins. x 2ft. 6ins. ...	£2 0 0	Or in	11/0
5ft. 6ins. x 2ft. 10ins. ...	£3 0 0	10	14/0
6ft. 6ins. x 3ft. 6ins. ...	£11 10 0	monthly	14/0
7ft. 6ins. x 3ft. 10ins. ...	£15 0 0	payments of	18/0
8ft. 6ins. x 4ft. 6ins. ...	£21 10 0		25/0

A 6ft. Riley "Home" Billiard Table to rest on your dining table. Test one for 7 days, you will most certainly want to keep it. The balance of the price can be paid in easy monthly instalments. (Cash price £11 10s. 6d.) Riley's combined Billiard and Dining Tables can also be had on easy

payment terms. Write to-day for ask list which shows various attractive designs in Oak or Mahogany. The cash prices range from £25 10s. 6d. Riley's are also the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain. Estimates sent free.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Anson Works, ACCRINGTON and at Dept. 6, 12, Aldergate Street, London, E.C.3



Riley's "Home" Billiard Table resting on ordinary dining table.

6 FEB 29 MUSEUM

RECORD BIG BULLETS FOUR!

1ST PRIZE £300

2ND PRIZE £200

3RD PRIZE £150

4TH PRIZE £100

FOUR 3-FIGURE PRIZES

THIS WEEK ONLY!

10 PRIZES OF £5
10 PRIZES OF £2-10
25 OF £1 50 OF 10/-
500 PRIZES OF 2/6
8,000 NEW TARGET PRIZES

HURRY UP FOR THE RECORD FOUR!

BULLETS has started vigorously on its eighth competition century and No. 701 is distinguished by another remarkable offer running for one week only. This record prize-list is a worthy successor to the 700th Celebration contest, but contrasting strongly in its arrangement of prize-money.

Here you will see with satisfaction a Record "Big Four" of gently graduated prizes at the top of the list. The First Prize is £300, but the Second is as much as £200, closely followed by a Third of £150 and a Fourth of £100.

Thanks to this wonderful opportunity for quick and heavy scoring, four competitors will make money centuries in one week and the lowest will receive a cheque for £100. Who will be the leading players in this Bullets Test Team?

HOW TO MAKE A "BULLET."

DO not hesitate to try for a place among the winners even if Bullets is new to you. A bright thought from anybody may inspire the Bullet with a punch in it for which the judges are looking. To make a Bullet, select one of the Examples below and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS which fit with aptness and originality.

Three good hints on how to make Bullets are given by the following recent First Prize-winners:

"YOU'RE SACKED!"—"FREEDOM" WAGE "SLAVE" DREADS.
 IN DEEP WATER—NATIONS WHILST "GULPS" REMAIN.
 CRASH!—STAGE CARPENTER ALSO AMATEUR.

Choose from these Examples for "Bullets" No. 701

ONE FOR BUSTAM NEARLY EVERY LITTLE HELPS HEATED ARGUMENT WHEN ARMY THE FIRST YASTIN INTOLERABLE "YOU'RE LOOKING WELL!" NOTHING LEFT JUST TO MAKE SURE PRIZE OF FOLLY	WISER ONLY JOKING HAPPY RELEASE KNOWN TO THE POLICE MUST BE NICE AFFAIRS OF STATE SOOTHEEN WITH A SMOOGER LUXUS ES IN COUNTING DAYS WHEN FUNDS ARE LOW	SOMING HOME TOGETHER OUR SERVANT IN SELF-DEFENCE WITH PARLIAMENT'S PER- MISSION DESERVES THE SACK. A SUGGESTION LOOKING SHEEPISH LETTING THINGS SLIDE A SIN HE WON HER HEART, BUT
--	--	---

SPECIAL NEWSITEMS' PRIZES.

Coupons for £5, £2, and £1 respectively will be sold to the thousands from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 701 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull and crossed. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

NOTE: The result of Competition No. 699 ("Bullets" No. 699) will appear in our issue published on Wednesday next, January 16th.

ADVANCE DETAILS FOR "BULLETS" No. 702.
 First Prize 700 Guineas—Second Prize £50—Third Prize £25—10 Prizes of £10—10 Prizes of £5—10 Prizes of £2—10 Prizes of £1—500 Prizes of 2/6—8,000 New "Target" Prizes.
 Alone In The World—Bones of Contention—Model Wife—The Pass-word—Why She Hated Him—Shock For The Taxpayer—Like A Funeral—Rash—Tying Our Hands—Change That's Coming—She Was Pretty, But—Millionaire's Advice—The Real Reason—The Night-club—When Everything's Ready—Not A Bit Of Good—In Mid-career—Whatever We Say—Vanity—"Isn't He Wonderful?"—Improving—A Message From Mars—Water, Water Everywhere—All Things Considered—Our Own Fault—I'm Glad To Hear—The Eternal Question—Another Hand of Fate—Talking Sense—Still Alive—Life's A Farce.
 (Closing Saturday, January 21.)

NEXT WEEK'S RECORD

700 GUINEAS

BIGGEST ONE-WEEK FIRST

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 701, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Example Closing Date, SATURDAY, Jan. 19

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(701) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____

Address _____

Example Closing Date, SATURDAY, Jan. 19

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(701) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____

Address _____

Example Closing Date, SATURDAY, Jan. 19

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(701) P.O. No. _____

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Signed _____

Address _____

Example Closing Date, SATURDAY, Jan. 19

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(701) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____

Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

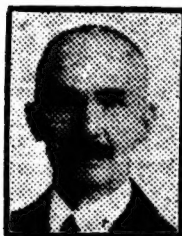
Great Epidemic of DEADLY CATARRH

(Chronic Cold in the Head.)

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OF MARVELLOUS NEW REMEDY

SEND A POSTCARD TO-DAY.

"A Godsend to Catarrh Victims" Says Patient Cured after 5 Years.



Mr. S. HOLROYD.

Mr. S. Holroyd, 4, Tomlinson Buildings, High Street, Morley, Leeds, writes: "The 'Shirley System' is a veritable 'Godsend' to Catarrh sufferers. Nine months ago I sent for it after suffering for over five years from constant colds, a loose cough, and severe throat and breathing troubles. The treatment did everything you said it would. In a month all symptoms were banished, lastingly and completely. I was quite cured, and there has been no return."—Dec. 3, 1928.

Deafness Cured 6 Months Ago. Remains Perfect: No More Colds.



Mr. G. FAWDRY.

Mr. George Fawdry, 31, Marnion Road, Clapham Common, London, S.W.1, writes: "Words seem futile to express my thanks to you for permanently curing my Deafness. Six months ago I commenced your treatment, and first noticed an improvement 11 days after. Before I had finished, my hearing was quite normal, for, having once started, improvement was very rapid. Hearing still remains perfect, and I have not had a cold since. Previously, I had colds at frequent intervals."—Nov. 27, 1928.

Permanent Good Health Follows Four Years' Catarrh.



Mrs. SWANN.

Mrs. Swann, 23, Atlas Street, Wesley Hill, Bradford, writes: "About a year ago you completely cured me after I had suffered for four years. I am in better health now than I have been for years. The improvement is great. In my case colds and sneezing bouts were constant, taste and smell were destroyed, and my hearing was affected a little. The throat required constant clearing; headaches and pains over the eyes added to my misery."—Nov. 27, 1928.

Patient Now Defies Weather After Many Years' Catarrh!



Mr. W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

Mr. W. Shuttleworth, 144, Moore Street, Sheffield, writes: "I suffered from 4 to 5 years from Catarrh before trying the 'Shirley System.' But now, after finishing a month's treatment, I am in the best of health. I can perform my daily tasks with ease and energy. The nasal passages are quite clear and I have no difficulty in breathing. My cough has vanished. The constant watering of the eyes has ceased. The cold and bleak weather has not caused me the slightest inconvenience since I was cured."—Nov. 18th, 1928.

A veritable epidemic of Catarrh is sweeping the British Isles at present. Our treacherous climate scores again:

Are YOU a victim of this dangerous ailment? If so, don't neglect it, or regard it with indifference, or it may endanger your life. Write to me to-day for a 10 Days' Free Trial of my well-known "Shirley System," which will give you immediate relief and hasten cure.

I have specialised in the treatment, relief and cure of this distressing and endangering condition for many years, and I would strongly advise every sufferer to give my system a personal trial just now. The symptoms are easy for any one to diagnose.

If you expectorate often.
If you feel tired on rising.
If your eyes are "watery."
If you have frontal headaches.
If "crusts" form in the nose.
If you have pain over the eyes.
If your sense of smell is impaired.
If you are liable to recurring colds.
If you suffer from difficulty of hearing.
If your head feels "stuffy" and confused.
If your nostrils are clogged or "running."
If you suffer from chronic "head aches."
If phlegm drops into the back of your throat.
If your mouth and throat are dry and painful.
If your breath is "bad" and your mouth "dirty,"
or if you have a dry, hot skin, and alternate fits of heat and cold, you are almost certainly suffering from Catarrh.

Doctors now realise that Catarrh is dangerous. It not only causes much suffering and distress, but it has a high rate of mortality, because the slimy and poisonous mucus flows downwards (especially during sleep) into the stomach, intestines and other organs, causing Malnutrition, Debility, and a Catarrhal condition of the whole inner man that lowers resisting power to disease, and leads to such deadly ailments as Gastric Catarrh, Intestinal Catarrh, and even Consumption itself.

If you are in the grip of Catarrh don't delay, but write to me to-day for a

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OF THE "SHIRLEY SYSTEM"

and see how soon it will save you from the miseries and risks of Catarrh in all its forms, including Catarrhal Deafness and Gastric Catarrh.

It will bring you relief from the very first. The stuffed-up passages get clear, easy nasal breathing follows, head noises disappear. Headaches, too, become things of the past, and your whole system is completely cleared of the poisonous and slimy mucus. It will lift the Crushing Burden of Catarrh from your shoulders like magic.

Just send me your name and address TO-DAY (a postcard will do) for a 10 Days' Free Trial of my "Shirley System." No matter how often you have been disappointed before or how long you have suffered, don't despair until you have tried my wonderful Treatment. Address: Elmer Shirley, 35, Gray's Inn Road (C.775), London, W.C.1.

(Personal consultations by appointment.
3 to 4 o'clock daily except Saturdays.)



40 Years' Catarrh Deafness! Then 'Shirley System' Miracle.

Mr. John Butler, 5, Market Square, Stafford, writes: "The 'Shirley System' has been a Godsend to me. Forty years a victim to Catarrh and Deafness, no other treatments (and I have tried all) afforded more than temporary relief. My long-standing and stubborn case put your wonderful cure to a severe test, but in two weeks the results were miraculous. Your complete cure worked like a charm; the effect is simply wonderful. Catarrh, constant colds, difficult breathing, throat trouble have all gone. Taste and smell are restored."—Nov. 17th, 1928.



Mr. JOHN BUTLER.

Wonderful Praise from York! Cured After Suffering 3 Years.

Mrs. Hawkins, 11, First Lane, Hull Road, Heston, Hull, writes: "More than 54 years ago the 'Shirley System' completely cured me after I had suffered 3 years from Chronic Catarrh. I now write to say the improvement effected by your wonderful treatment is still maintained. I cannot praise your method enough. I had relief after the second day's use of your treatment, and in less than a month I was completely cured."—Nov. 16th, 1928.



Mrs. HAWKINS.

20 Years' Catarrh and Head-noises Cured in 3 Weeks.

Mr. Stephen Smith, Sutton Lane, Broughton Astley, near Leicester, writes: "I had suffered from Catarrh, headnoises, headaches, pressure and pains over the eyes. I was always catching colds and sneezing. I could not breathe through my nose, and my throat was never clear of phlegm. Then I tried the 'Shirley System,' and was completely cured in 3 weeks. For nearly 8 months now I have been free from it. I cannot speak too highly of your wonderful treatment."—Nov. 16th, 1928.



Mr. STEPHEN SMITH.

Cured After 2 Years' Suffering. How Treatment Benefits the Aged.

Mr. C. W. Fry, 125, Peabody Road, South Farnborough, writes: "As the result of the 'Shirley System' I feel like another man. It is now 4 months since your wonderful treatment cured my Catarrh. I am still enjoying the great improvement in my general health. For 2 years I had suffered from Catarrh, deafness, headnoises, complete loss of smell, occasional cough, headaches, etc. Now all this is changed, and for an old man I am feeling grand."—Nov. 14, 1928.

Mr. C. W. FRY.
Lanulab, Ltd.

The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



THE CHIRGWIN CHIGNON: A KAFFIR COIFFURE.

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